

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—Mr. MacDonald left Washington on October 10. Two days later he made several speeches in New York to the Jews, the Socialists, the Foreign Policy Association and the Foreign Affairs Committee. In the last, he made a solemn appeal to the nations to preserve the spirit of the Kellogg-Briand peace pact. He celebrated his birthday in New York, and on October 15 went to Canada. His visit, though its motive left the American public somewhat puzzled, was widely expected to lead to better feeling between the United States and Great Britain.

The trial of Albert L. Fall, former Secretary of the Interior, proceeded under dramatic circumstances. Declared by Government doctors to be too ill for the trial, he insisted upon its continuance and was brought in each day in a wheelchair, though the jury was not allowed to see his entrance or departure. The evidence followed about the same trend as the former trials, tending to show that he had received a bribe from E. L. Doheny in return for the arrangement by which the latter obtained control of the Elk Hills oil reserves. The judge allowed the introduction of evidence tending to show that Mr. Fall had also received a bribe in the form of a loan of \$250,000 from Harry F. Sinclair. The defense held this money to be an investment in Fall's New Mexico ranch.

The members of the Federal Farm Board were confirmed by the Senate on October 16. This act was preceded by bitter criticism from western Senators directed against the Chairman, Alexander Legge, and against Messrs. McKelvie and Williams. The Board as a whole was also criticized for inaction, though its members held this to be due to the vague terms under which they were operating.

President Hoover was told by Senator Smoot that the tariff bill had a chance of passing before November 24, the date set for the end of the special session. Thereupon Senator Borah denounced the whole bill and said that its terms would be entirely rewritten to conform to the desire of the President to give farm relief through it, and to alleviate certain industries instead of as at present raising the rates all along the line even for industries which do not need it. It was generally thought the bill would fail. The Democratic strategy was first to allow a bad bill to be passed and failing that, no bill at all, provided the blame for this did not fall upon themselves.

The inquiry into the activities of lobbyists by the Caraway Committee of the Senate began on October 15. It began by investigating lobbies interested in the tariff.

The sugar lobby, represented by Harry A. Austin, admitted spending \$500,000 in eight years. Mr. Austin vigorously defended his right to what he had done and denied doing anything illegal. He charged that the opposition to the sugar rates was backed by the National City Bank "which owns," he said, "\$100,000,000 worth of sugar lands in Cuba." Nineteen western companies are included in the group represented by Mr. Austin. The inquiry also revealed an attempt of the pottery manufacturers to have removed from office an expert who, it was said, had shown bias and prejudice against the pottery interests. Next, an explanation was demanded from Senator Bingham, who by employing as secretary an agent of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association allowed that body to become aware of what was being done in the secret sessions of the Committee.

Australia.—In one of the most amazing turnovers in the history of the Commonwealth, the Nationalist-Country party Government was overwhelmingly defeated in the election held on October 12, and the Labor party was given an absolute majority over all parties combined. The latest available figures gave the Laborites 43 seats; Na-

tionalists, 17; Country party, 11; Independents, 4. Full returns were expected to raise the Labor majority to 13. In the election held last November, the Nationalist-Country party coalition won 42 seats in Parliament, the Laborites, 31. The Parliamentary defeat of Stanley Bruce, the coalition leader, occurred over his attempt to abolish the Federal Arbitration Courts in industrial disputes. The Labor party used most effectively in the campaign the argument that the Bruce Government was attempting to reduce wages and to bring down the standard of living. Another issue that helped Labor was the success of the British Labor Government, to which Australian labor pledged support in the policies for the development of the Empire and for the attainment of world peace. Not only was the Nationalist-Country party beaten throughout the country, but Mr. Bruce himself, and members of his Ministry, were defeated in their own constituencies. James Henry Scullin, the Labor leader, succeeded Mr. Bruce as Prime Minister. Mr. Scullin was formerly the editor of a small country newspaper; he was elected chief of the Laborites only last year. The last Federal Labor Government held office in 1915. At the present time, Labor is in power in South Australia and Tasmania, and constitutes a powerful Opposition in Queensland, New South Wales and Victoria.

Belgium—The protracted controversy about the inscription on the balustrade of the new memorial library of the University of Louvain, which was carried into the courts a year ago last June by Mr. Whitney Warren, the architect, resulted in a partial victory for Mr. Warren. The judge ordered the University authorities to remove the present balustrade, which bears no inscription, and authorized Mr. Warren to erect the balustrade bearing the protested Latin legend, "Destroyed by Teutonic fury, restored by American generosity." The court costs were assessed against the University, but Mr. Warren was denied the damages of 2,000,000 francs for which he had sued. The architect hailed the decision as vindicating the artistic right "to impose his own interpretation of a problem." Later it was announced that the court had denied his petition that the inscription be made irremovable, thus apparently leaving the University authorities free to alter it once the work is completed. The case had engaged the attention of many prominent people in America and Europe, who deplored Mr. Warren's insistence on the text, as tending to perpetuate War hatreds.

President Doumergue and Premier Briand of France paid a three-day visit of state to the Belgian capital October 10-12. They were received enthusiastically and with elaborate ceremonial. The Belgian royal train bore them from Paris, and the Crown Prince met them at the frontier. King Albert, attended by Premier Jaspar and Foreign Minister Hymans, welcomed them at the station in Brussels. In the evening they were guests at a state dinner at the Palais Royal, where pledges of friendship and mutual promises of united labor for world peace were exchanged.

Louvain
Library Case
Decided

French
State
Visit

Canada—Following his visit to the United States, Premier Ramsay MacDonald crossed the international bridge at Niagara Falls into Canada on October 15. His first destination was Toronto. He delivered an address before the American Federation of Labor, which was holding its convention in the city, and later appeared before the Men's Canadian Club. On the same day, the University of Toronto conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. From Toronto, Mr. MacDonald and his party went to Ottawa, where he conferred with Premier Mackenzie King on the Canadian phase of the Anglo-American accord which he had discussed with President Hoover.

China—Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang was reported as the center of a new disturbance for the Nanking Nationalists. He was said to have allied himself with General Yen Hsi-shan, Governor of Shansi, though the Nanking Government denied any disloyalty on the latter's part, and the rebellion plans sustained a shock when Yen betrayed his ostensible ally and arrested the former "Christian General." It was assumed in some quarters that the arrest was merely a snare to entrap the Central Government into financial grants in return for Yen's continued support. Press censorship made it difficult to get accurate data on the internal situation. But the general impression created was that President Chiang Kai-shek was hard pressed by the opposition movement directed against him by the insurgents. In great part, he was reported to lack the support of the army; only six divisions, amounting to approximately 85,000 men, still stood loyal. But, on the other hand, it was considered a powerful factor in his favor that most of the country's revenue is under the control of his Government. Meanwhile, famine conditions in the country were reported as growing worse, and the number of deaths from starvation rapidly rising. The Sino-Russian tension was in no wise eased, and a Japanese news-agency dispatch noted that renewed Russian attacks on the border were met by the arrest and heavy sentences by Manchurian authorities of thirty-seven persons implicated in the Government raid on the Russian Consulate General last May.

France—Preliminary estimates on the budget for 1930 indicated some slight reduction as compared with the figures for the past year, though the total still approximated 50,000,000,000 francs (about \$1,900,000,000). It was reported that the Finance Commission of the Chamber, responding to petitions of a lobby representing commercial and industrial interests, favored a further reduction of various forms of indirect taxation. This was opposed by Finance Minister Henri Chéron, who declared that the time was not yet ripe for any deviation from the policy of his predecessor, M. Poincaré, which had restored the financial stability of the nation after the crisis of 1926. M. Chéron favored the maintenance of a special sinking fund, to provide for the reduction of the domestic debt,

Visit of
Premier
MacDonald

New
Troubles

Budget
Preliminaries

and offered the industrial interests the prospect of an enlarged program of public works to offset his refusal of tax reduction.

Germany.—On October 16, voting began to test the popular attitude towards the ratification of the Young plan and the perpetuation of the admission of Germany's war guilt, as recorded in the Treaty of Versailles. The voting was significant as Germany's first serious experiment with the practical application of the initiative and referendum for settling an important national issue. The balloting will continue for two weeks and is on the question of forcing the Reichstag to act on the "liberty law" bill submitted by nationalist leaders and aimed at the prevention of the "moral and economic enslavement of the German people." It advocates that the Government take formal action to repeal Articles 231, 429, and 430 of the Versailles Treaty. Also that no new reparations obligations be undertaken based on the admission of war guilt. To place this "liberty law" bill on the agenda of the Reichstag will demand about 4,000,000 votes. That they would be obtained seemed highly probable, though it was generally conceded that if it came up before the Reichstag it would be defeated.

Hungary.—A scandal, based on extravagance in the War Department, brought about the resignation, on October 10, of the Hungarian Minister of War, Count Charles Chaky, and the announcement that Julius Goemboes had been appointed to succeed him. The new appointee was Under-Secretary in the War Ministry a year ago, and formerly leader of the "Awakening Hungarians," which is the Hungarian anti-Semitic party and also the party of so-called "Free King Electors"—On October 12, the Regent, Admiral Horthy, announced the pardon of three of the Karolyi exiles, the Socialist Democrats, Ernest Garami, formerly Count Karolyi's Minister of Commerce, Emmanuel Buchinger, and Jacob Weltner, an editor. It was hoped by the Premier, Count Bethlen, that this move might to some extent lessen Socialist opposition to the Government.

Japan.—To fill the vacancy left by the death of Baron Tanaka in the leadership of the Seiyukai, or Opposition party, Ki Inukai, former Minister of Communications, was unanimously chosen by the fourteen "elders" of the party on October 8. His selection, it was understood, was a compromise measure to prevent dissension among the younger element in the party, who were offering their own candidates. The new leader is seventy-four years old, and universally respected in political life, though he has not always been a member of the Seiyukai party. It was anticipated that any program he would propose would have a stronger popular appeal than Baron Tanaka's. As a reaction to the Baron's death, it was commonly accepted by spokesmen for all parties that during the next session the Government would seek dissolution.

Jugoslavia.—Following the royal decree renaming the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes the "Kingdom of the Jugoslavs" and replacing the thirty-three prefectures by nine large districts called *banats*, each with a considerable measure of local autonomy, other reorganization methods in the Government were being widely discussed. Unofficially it was stated that the King plans that Serbia abandon the Cyrillic characters in favor of the Latin alphabet, commonly used by the other races of the Kingdom. A similar change, it will be recalled, recently occurred in Turkey when the Latin alphabet was substituted for Arabic characters. Though it was anticipated that the proposed royal decree would meet with the opposition of conservative Serbs, it was generally felt that the movement would be for the common good. At the same time as the alphabet was being discussed, press dispatches from Belgrade intimated that it was likely that Premier Zhivkovitch would make public a new Constitution next January when the Dictatorship shall have lasted for a year. While it was not thought that pure parliamentarianism would be provided for, there were indications that the King was considering a projected Chamber and Senate, to be made up of persons elected by the Diets of the nine new *banats*, not, however, with legislative power, but merely to act in an advisory capacity. In this way, while Government decisions will continue in the hands of King Alexander and the officers of his Dictatorship, a degree of parliamentarianism will have been restored.

Palestine.—As a protest against the existing regulations in regard to the Wailing Wall, the Palestine Arabian Executive called a general strike throughout the country on October 16. The purpose of the strike, according to the secretary of the Arab Executive, was that "a silent demonstration of protest to inform the world that we are being wronged and that our rights are being infringed upon." Sir John Chancellor, who had succeeded in having postponed a general strike scheduled for October 2, declared that the new regulations against which the Arabs protested were of a temporary nature, designed to meet the present situation; they were not to be interpreted either as defining or as prejudicing the Jewish or Moslem rights to the Wailing Wall area.—The trial of Sheikh Ta Leb Maraka, who was charged with being the chief instigator of the Hebron massacre, was begun on October 14 before two British judges. Trials of other principals in the rioting were also called.—The British Commission of Inquiry, appointed to investigate the causes of the Arab-Jewish rioting, left England on October 12. Sir Walter Shaw, Chairman, was accompanied by R. Hopkins Morris, Liberal, and Henry Snell, Laborite. The Conservative member, Sir Henry Betterton, left earlier.—The Palestine Emergency Fund, contributed by American Jews and their sympathizers, reached the total of \$1,938,631.00, on October 17. In a statement read to Prime Minister MacDonald, in Washington, Felix M. Warburg, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, declared that during the past ten

Government Plans

Balloting on War Guilt

Ministry Change

Continued Unrest

New Seiyukai Leader

years, American Jews had forwarded more than \$25,000,000 to the Jews in Palestine.

Peru.—On October 12, Augusto B. Leguia was formally inaugurated for his third consecutive Presidential term and his fourth total term. Following the taking of the oath of office before a joint session of Congress, President Leguia read his inaugural address. It was especially significant for its report of the economic condition of the country and for its references to international affairs. The Treasury Department showed, he stated, nearly \$57,000,000 in revenues for 1928 with the budget balancing. A \$500,000 increase in revenue was mainly drawn from new forms of taxation on the privileged classes. Referring to the Tacna-Arica treaty, President Leguia spoke gratefully of the part played in the settlement by the American Government.

Rumania.—Press reports in the United States that serious friction and a new Government crisis were threatening in Bucharest, because of the unfavorable attitude of Queen Marie to the recent nomination of Justice Constantine Saratzeanu to the Regency Council, were denied. The authenticity of a purported interview with the Queen that appeared in the liberal newspaper *Universul*, in which Marie manifested her resentment at being passed over as the choice for a new member of the Regency Council, was very dubiously received. It was understood that the Maniu Government had informed the Queen when the nomination was pending, that she could only be appointed on the hypothesis of the resignation of Prince Nicholas from the Council, for that a preponderance of the royal family in the Regency would not be to the advantage of the Government.

Venezuela.—A press dispatch from Caracas, on October 14, announced that the Bishop of Valencia, Msgr. Montes De Oca, had departed for Buenos Aires, following a decree exiling him for violating the Constitutional patronage law by preaching against civil marriage. In commenting on the civil ceremony associated with the re-marriage of Governor Fonseca, previously divorced, the Bishop was reported to have declared that civil marriage was "a simple legal formality" and that valid matrimony for Catholics necessitated an ecclesiastical ceremony.

Reparations Question.—The Committee sitting on the organization of the Bank for International Settlements was reported as having made little progress, even after several sessions, towards securing accord on any single chapter of the statutes they were seeking to formulate. The selection of a domicile for the bank continued one of the important topics of speculation. Latest advices noted that it appeared to lie between a Dutch city and a Swiss city, not, however, Geneva. The Netherlands was thought to offer important technical advantages, including that of a

central geographical position. On the other hand, Belgium and France continued, for political reasons, to oppose the location of the new bank there. A powerful faction in England was still urging London, and Brussels continued to be advocated by the Belgians. The objection to Geneva was mainly from the American delegates on the committee of seven who did not wish the new bank to be too closely linked with the League of Nations. It was understood that once the statutes were agreed upon either Mr. Reynolds or Mr. Traylor would return to the United States to occupy himself with the necessary arrangements for the United States organization of the bank. The sittings of the committee met with an additional serious handicap in the sudden death, on October 15, of one of the leading delegates of the Committee, Leon Delacroix, former Premier of Belgium. He was considered a moderating influence in the bankers' discussions and a powerful element towards conciliation in the present debates. The ex-Premier, it will be recalled, headed a government of national union in Belgium for somewhat over two years. During that time much reform legislation was enacted, including the introduction of universal suffrage, the revision of the State system, and the eight-hour law. M. Delacroix was also his Government's representative on the Reparations Commission, the German Railways Commission, and the Committee for the Organization of the Reichstag Bank.

Disarmament Conference.—With the assurance that France, Italy and Japan would send favorable replies to the invitation to attend the five-Power naval disarmament conference in London in January, the first step was taken in realizing the program resulting from the informal conference between Ambassador Dawes and Prime Minister MacDonald, and dramatized so thoroughly by the latter's visit to the United States. Acceptance of the invitation, however, did not mean entirely smooth sailing. France was understood to object to parity with Italy though willing to keep in the Mediterranean a fleet not superior to that of Italy.

Next week, Marie Van Vorst, well-known magazine writer, will tell the story of how the peasants of Serravalle built their beautiful church and filled it with no less beautiful music. Beside it, they started an institute for Gregorian chant according to the Justine Ward method.

G. K. Chesterton has tilted more than once against George Bernard Shaw. Next week, in his best vein, he will contribute "G. K. C. vs. G. B. S. on Sex Appeal."

"Mind Your Own Business" is the rather startling title of a paper by Francis J. Shalloe. It contains his ideas as inspired by a recent article by C. J. Freund.

Enid Dinnis, after having told in *AMERICA* the story of the Catholic Emancipation celebrations in Dublin will next week tell "How We 'Emancipated'." It is the story of the great London celebration last month.

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"Pernicious Publications"

LAST year His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, appointed a Commission, requesting it to devise "a practical and effective method of promoting good literature, and of minimizing, at least, where it is not possible to prevent, the evil of dangerous and pernicious publications." On the Feast of the Holy Rosary, His Eminence announced that the Commission had perfected its organization.

The announcement was received with the respect due its origin, and the grave importance of its subject. Yet, as might have been expected, here and there a strabismic critic sounded an alarm which no intelligent man, interested in the maintenance of wholesome community standards, could possibly experience. The freedom of the press is in no danger. The Commission intends to combat the evil of the debased press by every legitimate means, but its major purpose, as expressed by the Cardinal's letter, is to promote good literature.

Both purposes, assuredly, are necessary. The newsstands of the metropolis which, ten years ago, offered nothing more deleterious than newspapers devoted to athletic contests, now fairly groan under a weight of pamphlets and magazines, of which the best are suspicious, and the worst, utterly degraded. We pass no criticism on the city officials, and certainly none upon such zealous crusaders as Mr. John S. Sumner who has fought the evil valiantly through the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice—but the evil has undoubtedly made much progress in the last decade. Possibly the apparent lethargy of the officials is occasioned by their experience that, however well a case may be presented, juries usually fail to convict.

While the newsstands are bad enough, many of the bookshops are far worse. Within the last few years, the portrayal of ordinary vice has been replaced by vivid representations of psychoses of a revolting character, and of unnatural vice. To a whole school of writers, man, when he is not a pitifully demented creature, is a

barnyard animal stripped of normal instincts. That these publications do no harm to certain individuals so sunk in depravity that no printed page can drag them deeper, is possible. However this may be, their effect upon the individual unformed in character, untrained in judgment, in whom inhibitions are few and weak, but in whom passion is alertly responsive to unhallowed suggestion, cannot but be deplorable.

The Commission will enlist the sympathetic cooperation not only of Catholics, but of the vast number of citizens who share our conviction that a licentious press is working a grave evil in the community. If the sections of the penal code which, at present, are almost inoperative, are in fact defective, the legislature should be petitioned to remedy them. If they are in fact adequate, the officials will gladly welcome help in enforcing them.

While not presuming to advise the Commission, it falls within our modest province to hope that its work for the promotion of good literature will be as energetic as its effort to suppress the products of the Satanic school. As has been shown by many articles in this Review, it is not so easy to publish a good book and to circulate it, as to wish for it. Readers complain of the cost of books, but publishers retort that whoever publishes a Catholic book must give hostages to fortune. As for ourselves, we have no complaint to offer. We would point out, however, that this Review publishes the equivalent of a number of Catholic books every year—not to speak of the *Catholic Mind*, of *Thought*, or of the publications of the America Press and the Thought Foundation. The excellent New York Catholic weekly newspaper, the *Catholic News*, the Paulist Press and the *Catholic World*, and across the bridge the valiant Brooklyn *Tablet*, are all in the fight for good literature.

But, to borrow a term from the advertising agencies, the saturation point in the circulation of Catholic books and periodicals has not been reached. The Catholic Book Club has proved that much, very much, remains to be done, before we can reassure ourselves with that comforting reflection. The Catholic magazine is an important factor in the battle against an evil press and the campaign for good and wholesome literature. As such it deserves the support of every Catholic who daily prays for the enthronement of Christ the King in the hearts of all men.

Equal or Identical Rights?

AFTER listening to a discourse on feminism, the Institute of International Law, in conference at Briarcliff Manor, drew up a resolution. "No motive whatsoever, based directly or indirectly, on differences of sex, race, language, or religion," it was held, "can authorize a State to refuse to any of its nationals private and public rights, and especially the admission to institutions of public instruction, and the exercise of different economic activities, professions and industries."

As this resolution stands, the Institute condemns legislation which forbids the working of women in mills by night, or in stone-quarries by day, for sixty hours per week.

No woman, and, of course, no man, has the right to engage in any occupation which conflicts with higher duties. For its own protection, the State may ban such an occupation. But when it is clear that a man may engage without hurt in work which is harmful to women, the State may sanction it for the former while banning it for the latter. This does not mean that men are better than women or worse, but only that in certain contingencies women need the protection of the State, and men do not. Equal rights and identical rights are not synonymous terms, and admission of the first does not mean admission of the latter.

Unionizing the South

A DISCUSSION of the troubles in the Southern textile fields, led by Governor Gardner, of North Carolina, and our good friend, Mr. James William Fitz Patrick, would have been worth going miles to hear. That Mr. Fitz Patrick understands Catholic principles of social action is clear from his contributions to our pages, and Governor Gardner's interviews, published some weeks ago in the *New York Times*, indicates that he too is beginning to comprehend them. But, unfortunately, executive duties prevented the Governor from appearing in person at the Toronto convention of the American Federation of Labor.

Mr. Fitz Patrick thanks his Maker that the Federation is at last beginning to recover some of its old fighting spirit. It is high time, for a number of Federation measures intended as conciliatory but, in fact, weak and vacillating, have reduced organized labor to a parlous state. Whoever sups with the devil, as the old proverb has it, must use a long spoon. Whenever the Federation sits down to confer, in the name of organized labor, with the representatives of organized capital, a supply of long spoons is an imperative necessity, and these have not always been found. For organized capital, as far as we have been able to observe its operations, has but one aim in view, and that aim is only incidentally, if at all, humanitarian. It can clothe itself with the refulgence of a Saint in glory, but it is never blinded by the light which streams from its self-imposed halo. Organized capital is after profits and more profits, and if it can ally itself with religious and labor groups, all the better. But religion and labor are recognized as junior partners, or, more correctly, as junior clerks, whose services can be dispensed with at a moment's notice, and without ceremony.

In undertaking to unionize the South, the Federation has a pretty piece of work cut out for it. It is a work that must be done, if organized labor is to survive, even in the North, and we sincerely trust that the Federation will make no mistake in its approach. We do not suggest that it drive into the Southern field wielding a bludgeon. That form of attack is cheap, easy, and ineffective. What we do suggest is the acceptance of Governor Gardner's program as a basis of discussion, and, thereafter, a steady avoidance of the tea tables of the textile barons.

As we noted at the time, Governor Gardner's program is open to exceptions. Its initial merit, however, lies in

its admission that drastic reform in the textile industries is necessary. To what extent the Governor is entitled to speak for the textile industries, even of his own State, may be questionable. We think, however, that a joint conference between the labor organizers and the State officials, will help to enlighten public opinion, and by degrees force the employers to recognize the need of reform. It must be said for the Federation that its leaders are not likely to be led away by Socialistic delusions. That, however, is but a negative consolation. What we ardently pray for them is the will to fight to the end for the social principles laid down in the Encyclicals of Leo XIII, and taught by the Catholic Church.

Any other policy will be mere shilly-shally, and will result in disaster. The Church insists that the rights of all be respected, but she also demands that love as well as justice be considered in all labor settlements. The Catholic Church alone teaches that no breach in the order of justice is effected, when special consideration is shown the laboring classes, since these are the more needy, and hence the more deserving of special protection. In this position organized labor possesses an advantage which it will do well to follow up.

The Transgressor in Louisville

LAST month more than 40,000 members of the American Legion repaired to the city of Louisville, and from Sunday until Friday they renewed old friendships and held conference. It was the largest convention Louisville had ever entertained. It was, by common consent, the most orderly.

It was, also, incomparably the wettest.

According to Mr. Fred M. Watrous, whose account is borne out by returning pilgrims, "Never have I seen such a flood of alcohol in one spot. A great deal of it was brought in, but the local supply was quite adequate to take care of any shortages, and was as easy to get as cigarettes."

It is deeply to be regretted that the sole disorder of any moment, consequent upon the Convention, came from Federal and State officials. Appointed for the specific purpose of enforcing the legislation occasioned by the Eighteenth Amendment, these men failed grievously in their duty.

We have no censure for the veterans. Met by the traditional hospitality of the Commonwealth, they drank what was offered, and departed with full flasks. In every instance, we feel quite certain, the host had secured his rye and bourbon prior to the Eighteenth Amendment, and had obtained a permit from the Treasury Department for whatever transportation was necessary. This supposition, however, can hardly be extended to the somewhat furtive gentlemen who peddled their wares in the streets and the hotels. Further, the assumption that every veteran who carried a supply, as he meandered past the Federal Building on Fourth Street, had his flask wrapped in a Federal permit, is open to not a little suspicion.

It is impossible to escape the conclusion that both the Federal and the local prohibition agents are guilty of

grave dereliction of duty. The prohibition statute of the Commonwealth is sharp-fanged. The possibilities of the Volstead and supplementary legislation are such as to send not only the seller but the purchaser to jail. Sitting in Louisville a few days ago, Federal Judge Dawson reminded the Grand Jury of this fact. May we now look for a hundred indictments?

We sincerely trust that the indictments will come. Every citizen of Louisville who, not having the fear of Volstead before his eyes, but seduced by the devil, sold or gave to a thirsty stranger within the gates, as much as one drop of alcoholic beverage should be fined heavily and sent to the penitentiary. When the Federal Government has finished with him, then the State should fine him, and send him to jail. We also trust that the provisions of the Jones amendment, which compels every citizen to become a snooper and a spy, will be invoked by Judge Dawson. If we are to have Prohibition, let us also have it during a convention, even a convention in Kentucky. Unless we enforce Volsteadism against bootleggers and hospitable citizens as well as against old women detected in the heinous crime of selling a bottle of beer, what hope is there for this moral experiment?

What the Doctor Charges

THE members of the American College of Surgeons, in session last week at Chicago, once more attacked the question of hospital charges and doctors' fees. From all accounts, the debate was vigorous, but without a satisfying conclusion. It was contended that the hospitals did not ask too much, and that the physicians did not, although Dr. Stewart G. Roberts, of Atlanta, was moved to cast some dark aspersions on the hospitals.

Probably the most valuable practical suggestion came from the Rev. A. M. Schwitalla, S.J., dean of the medical school of St. Louis University, who, according to the United Press, "decried false pride in illness." Too many of us desire a private room with a corps of nurses, but "in the well-conducted hospital," said Father Schwitalla, holding out an inducement for the practice of humility, "the ward patient receives decidedly better care than the private patient." One's social standing may be indicated and maintained by the occupancy of a suite and a sun parlor, but if Father Schwitalla is correct—and who are we to suppose that he is not?—the choicest medical skill is focussed on the suffering gentleman in the cheaper quarters of bed 29 ward A.

Whatever the superiority of the ward, it is certain that the American Medical Association, the American College of Surgeons, and countless local medical societies, are not discussing something that may possibly be found in isolated instances on the sea coasts of Bohemia, when they wrangle and argue about how much it costs to fall ill and get well. They know, and every social investigator knows, that here we have a condition which causes untold human suffering, and occasions economic losses that can hardly be computed. Certainly, the physician is not overpaid, for Dr. Franklin H. Martin, president of the College, shows that his average income is only about \$2,000 per

year. The case for the hospital is not so clear, but this at least is fairly certain, that, omitting the frankly commercial institution designed for the opulent patient, the average hospital is not a profiteering concern.

Where there is so much good will, a solution of any problem can be found. Greed and avarice would ruin the profession, but the strict right of the physician to a recompense equal to a living wage must be guaranteed, and every hospital must have assurance of continued adequate support. Whatever may have been the case in the past, the modern hospital cannot exist on uncertain doles. On the other hand, it is probable that many die because they shrink from accepting needed medical or surgical care as a gratuity. The problem is complex, and while the layman is entitled to state his views, its solution must be left to experts.

The Carnegie Report on Athletics

IT has been a matter of common knowledge for some years that the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching has been investigating athletics in our colleges. As ever, rumor has been painted full of tongues. We are promised a series of "revelations," and we are also assured that the Foundation's report will coo as gently as any sucking dove.

For our own part, we sincerely trust that the Foundation will give us a completely documented judicial review. A report which tells us that college X pays its football players \$100 per game, that college Y exempts them from attendance at class, and that college Z has a highly salaried staff of recruiting agents, will be considerably worse than useless. What we want is facts, dates, names, places—and supporting evidence that will stand up under fire.

For the fire will come. That is certain. At least, it is certain should the Foundation, as we hope it will, make its accusations by name.

No one who has studied the position which athletic contests now hold in our colleges is satisfied. In an article in this issue, the opinions of a well-loved American, a college man himself, are quoted. Chief Justice Taft holds most emphatically that the present position of athletics constitutes a grave menace to the welfare of education. It is our own view that Mr. Taft might have gone farther in his criticisms, and remained well within bounds. The simple truth is that commercialism, raw and rank, has struck deep in many an American college, and the results are bad, not only educationally, but morally.

If the report is all that we hope for, some college administrators are in for a season of sackcloth and ashes. As Father Blakely writes on another page of this issue, the ultimate responsibility for the college rests with its governors. If evil exists unrebuked, the responsibility is inescapably theirs. If it exists to hide itself in devious paths, their moral integrity may be saved, but not their fitness for the position which they occupy.

What the report will contain, is a matter of speculation, but within a few days surmise will be replaced by certainty. We trust that the results will be salutary.

Censorship in the Press

FRANCIS WALPOLE

A MEXICAN, who has done newspaper work in his day, and has been in this country for some time, remarked recently that he has witnessed a first-class miracle in the United States. It is that the citizens thereof know practically nothing of what is going on in their Government.

Who knows, for instance, what is behind our Government's consistent upholding of a radical, American-hating regime in Mexico itself? Who knows what Prime Minister MacDonald came to this country for? Who knows what part we played in the recent Young Plan and the foundation of the International Bank? Who knows why we opposed Diaz as President of Nicaragua and helped to set up Moncada, the present incumbent? (Of this latter enigma we may have some inkling when we know that a large body of American engineers is in that country now, surveying for the new canal; but then, how many people knew that?) Who knows whether or not we intend to remit any part of the British debt? To come closer home, who knows the whole story of the recent setting-up of the Farm Board, of the present activities of the Federal Reserve Board and of its relations with the Bank of England, of the present legislative muddle over the tariff?

I did not raise any of these questions because I know the answer to any of them, for I don't. What I want to ask is, why is it we do not know the answer to them? The Mexican above referred to went on to say that the humblest in Mexico know more of what their Government is doing and why it is doing it, than the best-informed newspaper reader in the United States knows of his. We have to confess that we are politically the most illiterate people in the world.

What is the answer? The American newspaper.

The newspaper is a public utility, which exists for the purpose of keeping the voting citizen in touch with the doings of his elected representatives, with the events of importance that happen here and abroad and affect the public welfare, with the motives and inside forces that are a menace or a benefit to the State. Do our newspapers do that? They do not. The surest proof of that is that there are more baseless and unfounded rumors afloat in our country today than in any other country in the world. Anything is believed and almost anything may be announced as gospel truth. It is only in the midst of ignorance that credulity is rampant.

If we go back a bit, this state of mind becomes understandable. For instance, when the Elk Hills oil reserves in California were leased to the Doheny interests and the Teapot Dome reserve to the Sinclair interests, who knew anything of the part played in it by politicians, office-holders and financiers, as we knew later? The fact that rumors are playing around the name of President Harding in this connection shows that people do not believe they were ever told all the truth about the matter. We

may have been, but apparently nobody believes it. Why? Because after-events time and again have proved that the reality behind the event was not revealed to us.

How many, again, knew of the activities of the ship-building companies at the disarmament conference at Geneva in 1927, through their paid agent, William B. Shearer? How many know yet what part these activities played in the wrecking of the conference? It was only by the accident of Shearer's not getting all he expected that we ever heard of the matter at all. Again, how many knew the real reason for the enormous agitation in 1927 in newspapers, colleges and public schools against State and municipal ownership of public utilities, until the Federal Trade Commission, under orders from the Senate, brought out the widespread propaganda fostered by private companies? It is no wonder that in pretty nearly everything that happens, you constantly hear the question: "I wonder what's behind it?" It may be that nothing is behind it, that the obvious explanation is the true one. But enough revelations are made from time to time to convince every one that there is usually something hidden in public affairs which is concealed from the public, which in a democracy above all has the first right to know it.

Why blame the newspapers?

Maybe they are not to blame. They have certainly been blamed enough by Catholics for not letting the public know the true state of affairs in Mexico during the years 1926-1928. For instance, we know on unimpeachable authority that in one State, alone, that of Jalisco, twenty-one priests were murdered by Government agents during those years. Now, if twenty-one Jewish Rabbis, or twenty-one Protestant ministers, had been murdered, say, in Spain during that time, you will find it hard to convince any Catholic that a terrific hullabaloo would not have been raised and the story kept on the front page for weeks. The proof of that is what happened in Palestine during the Arab riots. Yet these were not one drop in the bucket compared with what happened in Mexico, where the American public knew almost nothing of what was happening.

Many attempts were made to let it know the facts. One of the world's most distinguished journalists went down there and got the story, as he had got a dozen stories elsewhere before and had the papers bidding with each other for the privilege of printing them. *Not one paper out of 800* so much as showed a desire to print his story of Mexico. The Mexican journalist quoted above is authority for the only reasonable explanation I have ever heard for this phenomenon. He was told by a newspaper official in New York who did not suspect his Catholic sympathies that when Francis McCullagh came out of Mexico the State Department in Washington let it be known to the newspapers through the Washington correspondents that his story was not to be printed. Paul

Anderson, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, won renown for daring to tell the truth of a State Department official's attempt to brand the Mexican Government as Bolshevistic. If my Mexican friend's story is correct, much glory awaits him who will find and tell the real story of the suppression of McCullagh's articles.

George Seldes, in "You Can't Print That," has vividly revealed the European system of imposing a censorship on foreign correspondents without seeming to do so. If the correspondent tells anything the regime in power do not want him to tell, he ceases to be a *persona grata* in official circles and his usefulness to his employers is over. Under these circumstances, he is not very useful, anyway, but few papers refuse to support a correspondent on those terms, as the *Chicago Tribune* refused in Russia. The result is that often the foreign correspondent is reduced to the status of a press agent for the country in which he works.

Where, as happens, the correspondent does not know the language of the country, he is still more helpless, and where, as also happens, he hires (bribes) various Government officials to bring him a "story" each day, he becomes an actual tool. It is not to be supposed that the Government does not know of the practice, and it is very likely that the presumably unfaithful one goes to consult his superior official each day before his visit to the foreign correspondent. Last year an American correspondent published a secret document he had been given by two of these men on his payroll. The correspondent lost his job. The officials were acquitted at their "trial." The only one to profit by the publication of the document was the Government from whose files the paper was "stolen." In all this there is the lesson to beware of the foreign dispatch.

Is home news any more reliable? A high official of a great corporation remarked not long ago that he never read the papers. Those events in which he took part so little resembled the truth in the report on them, which the papers carried next day, that he distrusted the reports on events at which he was not present. Through private company advices he learns all he wants to know, and much more than the public knows.

Anybody who knows anything at all about newspapers knows that censorship runs through them from top to bottom. To begin with, the reporter himself uses his own judgment to censor out of the story things which his instinct or experience tells him should not be told, for one reason or another. Then, in most newspaper offices there is that extraordinary reverence for wealth or official position which consorts so ill with the usual healthy cynicism of the newspaperman. Here is another source of self-censorship. Then there is the fear of libel. Why this should be is hard to say, for many libel suits are started, but few are won. And lastly, there is fear of repudiation. Many a Washington story of fact has been killed without wiring because the correspondent feared a denial from a high official, if it turned out that publication hurt, though the source of the story might be the official himself. President Roosevelt is said to have been the originator of the ugly practice.

In the face of all this what is the newspaper reader to

do? In the first place, if he really wants to get a real picture of events, he cannot afford to be a reader of only one paper. Anyone who tries the experiment of reading two or more papers, and comparing the same event in each, will be amazed at the results. Sometimes the very headlines will tell absolutely contradictory stories, though they are over the identical news-agency dispatch. More often, vital facts will appear in one special dispatch that are absent from the other, or what appeared as fact in the first story will be shown up by the other as mere editorializing, which is a cardinal sin in a news story, and one often committed, especially in foreign and Washington correspondence.

It is true that the American newspaper is more than ever alert against the insidious and clever press agent. Probably less propaganda than ever before appears in its columns, though they are by no means free yet. What is more serious, however, is that suppression of news is glaringly practised. Compare the corresponding dispatches in different papers, and you will see the point. Still better, follow up a story from day to day, and see how much of it was originally suppressed. One would often almost say that some papers print the whole truth with extreme reluctance. As they have grown in wealth and power, they have shown an increasing tendency to censor themselves, even without a Will Hays to show them how to do it.

How Old Is Man?

RICHARD A. MUTTKOWSKI, Ph.D.

PAGING through some of the journals of thirty years ago, one finds frequent reference to a problem which intrigued the readers, "How Old Is Ann?" Of course, in those primitive days thirty years back one could hardly expect to interest people in other than elementary problems. But thanks to the emancipation brought about by Sunday Science, as depicted in Sunday supplements, readers are now enlightened and can be interested in such intellectual matters as "How can we communicate with Mars?", "Planetary invasion," "New steps in Evolution," "How old is man?" and other vital problems. Not that there is uncertainty in all of these matters,—oh, no! For—thanks again to Sunday Science—to the question "How Old Is Man?" there is offered definite and accurate answer.

We are told precisely how many thousand years ago our hairy progenitor of the caves clubbed his fellow-men to death and devoured them. We are told how many hundred thousand years ago the "ape-man" descended from the trees and became a ground-walker. Naturally there may be some slight discrepancies in the time estimates; but these, it is hinted, are minor ones—merely a matter of a few million years. And who will cavil at a few millions, when these are comparably just a few seconds in the earth's span of existence? And further, there is the incontrovertible evidence of the geological time scale!

Now, order is a prime requisite of science. But in no field does its truth apply so markedly as in that great

summation of speculations called Evolution. What at first was described as a series of spectacular and catastrophic events, in time has taken on the aspect of an immeasurably slow process of nearly eternal duration—cataclysmic perhaps in some of its minor details, but in the main characterized by infinitely slow change. With this modification in the basic conception has come an extension of the so-called “geologic time scale”; that is, of the number of calendar years required to bring about the changes in the evolution of the earth and of the things upon it. Where the scientists of fifty years ago spoke reverently of 50,000,000 years to account for it all, the findings of succeeding years forced an extension of this 50,000,000 into 500,000,000 years, and more recently to 6,000,000,000 years. Truly, we use the years lightly!

Life probably existed in at least a third of this period; and the records left by living things of the past in the way of fossils, imprints, and molds can be readily fitted into a calendar of successive ages, eras, and epochs, whereof there are many. An awesome figure—2,000,000,000 years! Many things can happen during that time. And man's span in that calendar is a scant half-million years, although recent specialists are tentatively considering 5,000,000 years as a more probable figure.

But is this calendar accurate, is it trustworthy? In the older nomenclature some of the great eras and ages were called by their dominant formations; thus, there was a coal age, a chalk age, and the like. And the supposition was that these substances ceased to be formed with their respective “age”; or, at least, that was what one gathered from the writings. Yet the formation of coal still continues; forests are still being fossilized by the infiltration of silicates; bacteria are still depositing iron and marl; insects are still being engulfed by flowing resins which later harden and become “amber”; coral polyps are still building their islands, and chalk beds are still being laid down, all quite as in the past. All this is taking place to this very day, not merely in isolated places, but simultaneously in many different parts of the world.

So the recognition of deposits as associated with a particular epoch in geological history is not so safe and reliable, after all. When it is further considered that the distribution of animals and plants varies in both time and place all over our globe at the present and must have varied similarly in the past, the basis for computing the geological time scale becomes even more doubtful. Surprisingly, however, a belief in the accuracy of the geological calendar persists and the calendar is used with implicit confidence. Or perhaps it is that mental quirk which makes people place the greatest confidence in that which they know the least? A wicked and unorthodox suggestion, for which I may be punished.

Most interest naturally attaches to man's stay on earth. Here the early evidence seemed to fit nicely with evolutionary assumptions; that is, if the evidence was interpreted properly. Man is here a scant half-million years. One reads this estimate, based on the Trinil man, Heidelberg man and Dawn man, in all the recent texts; and controversies center about anatomical details rather than on the question of geological age.

And then something began to happen! Parenthetically, so many annoying things happen in science, and particularly in Evolution. Whenever a particular sequence has been nicely established, some unexpected find has vitiated it and forced its rearrangement or even abandonment. Of course, every scientist knows that when facts are few, theories and “laws” are readily formulated and readily accepted, and that new findings will eventually result in final modifications of such theories and laws. But as regards Evolution, it seems as if some unkind fate were persecuting the theorists. Scarcely was the famous “biogenetic law” established when even its upholders discovered facts which could not be fitted in, facts that were contradictory, so that the “law” at present has not even the value of an hypothesis. Scarcely was the “pedigree of man” shown in diagrammatic sequence when new finds disturbed the sequence by showing that “primitive man” is curiously like some of his modern antitypes.

Mostly, however, such discoveries have revealed discrepancies in the geological time scale, especially where applied to man. And obviously, if that time scale is shown to be wrong, then many of the speculations on man's ancestry will require revision. More than fifty years ago archeologists called attention to the dragon motif in the folklore and designs of many peoples (Chinese, Northern Europeans, African tribes, Central and South American Indians). As depicted, the motif bears a distinct resemblance to the extinct flying reptiles described by the paleontologists. Admittedly the motif is fantastic; but most fancies are based on something really seen and then first elaborated into chimera. At any rate, it was suggested, were it not possible that the older peoples had actually seen flying reptiles?

The suggestion was deprecated by the paleontologists. With patient and patronizing smiles they explained: “Of course, these peoples had not seen the flying reptiles, since these became extinct some hundred million years before man appeared on this earth. Ridiculous! So, of course, the discrepancy need not be harmonized with the geological time scale and so, of course, it did not matter! Some other explanation will be found, no doubt.”

Still, there was the famous Indian legend of the Piasa among the Illinois tribes, confirmed by a flying dragon carved high on the river bank, and visited by Père Marquette and other explorers till the late nineteenth century, when the dragon was carved away for the sensibly utilitarian purpose of providing building stones. Fantasy again! The flying reptiles, the Pterodactyls, had been extinct for a hundred million years. So man *could not* have seen them! How explain them? Well, inherited memory, perhaps—of impressions impinged on the minds of our pro-simian ancestors and handed down to humans! As an aside, I like this “inherited memory”; it explains so many things so very easily!

Five years ago came the announcement of dinosaur carvings discovered in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The fine water-glaze encrusting the carvings precluded any question of their authenticity, since the glaze takes many centuries for its deposition. But here were carvings of dinosaurs, of animals supposedly extinct from twenty-

five to fifty million years; carvings that furthermore showed these animals *attacked by humans* armed with spears and arrows! Indeed, one of the carvings showed a giant beast crushing a hunter in its mighty jaws. Fantasy again? Hardly. Here, indeed, was a difficult thing to reconcile. Either the time scale was wrong for humans or wrong for the dinosaurs.

But discovery went on. Came the finding of the bones of extinct camels in Arizona and New Mexico in regions where, geologically speaking, they had no business to be. (See Romer, in *Science*, July 6, 1928, p. 19; later Hay opposed Romer's conclusions, *Science*, September 28, 1928; p. 299.) For they were found in regions that are regarded as "recent" in their formation, virtually contemporaneous with modern man, scarcely 5,000 years or less in age. Still, the bones belonged to mammals that were presumably extinct anywhere from 500,000 to 5,000,000 years. If so, how could they occur in a region that, according to geological experts, was only 5,000 years old?

And then the climax, a very recent climax—the cave on Bishop's Cap Peak in southwestern New Mexico! This was regarded as a treasure cave and repeatedly examined for that purpose. But recent treasure hunters found fragments of a human skull and some digits of a ground sloth. It was then carefully explored by members of the Los Angeles Museum, and a preliminary account published by Wm. Alanson Bryan in *Science* for July 12, 1929, pp. 39-41.

The cave is nearly vertical, so that animals who "entered" it would have difficulty in escaping. In the years it had been filled with wind-blown sand, which covered whatever remains the cave contained. The scientific exploration quickly revealed important evidence, best indicated by quoting the author's words (*italics mine*):

Eight feet below the occurrence of the skull, i. e., twenty feet below the surface, a hard, compact lens from two to four inches in thickness was encountered. This, while composed of the same material as that which filled the cavern, differed in that it was

evidently water laid. Apparently it had settled out of water accumulated in the cavern, as a result perhaps of a cloudburst. The value of the circumstance, however, lies in the fact that it formed a *definite undisturbed horizontal diaphragm completely flooring up the cave*. The significance of this will be appreciated when it is understood that at about eighteen inches *below this floor* and more than twenty-one feet below the surface floor of the cavern *additional human skull fragments were found!*

From the twelve-foot level where the first skull was found, to the bottom of the excavation, i. e., for a depth of eighteen feet, *bones of extinct* horse, cave-bear, camel and sloth have been excavated in such numbers as to fill five large table-type museum exhibition cases, while a bushel or more of small animal and bird bones have been recovered. Practically the complete skeleton of a ground sloth was found in a place midway down between the occurrence of the two skull finds, which were almost ten feet apart. The last bones recovered from the bottom of the excavations were the *limb bones of a very large camel!*

From the foregoing it would seem obvious that we have here the *undisturbed occurrence of human remains in direct association* with a number of animals *regarded as extinct since the Pleistocene period*, and all deposited in such a manner as to preclude even the suggestion of their later intrusive burial. It is, therefore, believed that the Bishop's Cap bone-cavern has been a den and trap for wild animals through countless centuries and is a *find which fortunately settles conclusively* the moot question as to whether man and the sloth, the camel and the cave-bear, for example, were coexistent in America.

Here, then, are demonstrable discrepancies, not to say anachronisms, in the geological time scale, and one wonders how they will be ironed out. For the evidence in the last instance is decisive.

But consider Fate's unkindness to scientific theories! For obviously, if human remains are found associated with animals which presumably have been extinct from 500,000 to 5,000,000 years, then the geological calendar, the "time scale," is proved wrong for man. And, equally obvious, if the time scale is proved fallible for "recent" events, may it not be equally fallible as to prior events in our earth's history? Here are quandaries sufficient to afford many a midnight headache to the conscientious evolutionist.

Enter: The "Hick-Town" Parish

EUGENE WEARE

THOSE who cast their first vote for Thomas Woodrow Wilson may recall that one of the not unimportant post-War problems which presented itself to the nation had to do with the question: "How yuh gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?"

Unless my memory pranks me, it occurs to me that we dwelt long and earnestly upon this momentous question in the one hundred and twelve thousand, three hundred and thirty-five, more or less, "after-the-War" conventions, convocations, banquets and assemblies which were gathered together to promote the cause of peace along social, economic and political lines. Indeed, I am not so sure that I have not heard somewhere or other a chant whose catch line suggested the cantor's concern on this very point.

I recall that something was said about keeping our

young heroes away from Broadway and the jazz-bands that used to be so popular with all up-and-coming *post-bellum* groups. It was predicted freely—most predictions do cost nothing—that our farmer boys who went to war, and who were given an opportunity to see Newport News or Hoboken en route to Paris and the front-line trenches, would never again be disposed to content themselves by the old mill stream where the lowing herd, it is said, winds slowly o'er the lea. The Big Idea back of all this sociological investigation and chatter was that the farmer or small-town man who had been a soldier, having tasted the flesh pots of city life and its varied attractions, would remain at his home only long enough to attend the welcoming banquets of the Rotary and Kiwanis ere venturing forth to conquer new worlds in the neighborhood of Chicago or New York.

The migration from small town to big city was well

under way at the outbreak of hostilities in Europe in 1914. With the opportunity for enormous wages in factory, shop and mill which the War orders made possible, this call of the city became more and more insistent, so that by the time we had intruded ourselves into the fray, farms and homesteads all over the land were being deserted at the rate of 130,000 a year. The population figures of our larger cities mounted sky-high, topped only by the figures for the increase in the cost of food stuffs and the monthly rental of your flat. From the farms and villages came the cry for help: anybody who even looked like an able-bodied man could command \$150 a month and found for ordinary, every-day farm work. The farmers took to wailing and bemoaning and both great political parties swore to the high heavens that a remedy could be found only in the election by an overwhelming majority of their particular candidate.

All this I submit as typical of the situation in general as we had it before, during, and after our participation in the High Romance. The small town was doomed. Bigger, more crowded, infinitely more revolting our larger cities were to become and the Field Museum in Chicago laid its plans to set up, for the benefit of posterity, a sort of replica of the Great American Farm. We were to eat synthetic food which was to come to us by way of the chemist and his laboratory; chickens, cows, horses and goats—goats give milk, you know—were to be done away with entirely, leaving but a few to survive for the entertainment and instruction of the patrons of Mr. John Ringling's pageantry. All this, I say, was in the offing until—and hereby hangs the tale.

Mr. Samuel Insull, who is easily our foremost industrialist, has a brother named Martin. These gentlemen are in the business of selling electric energy in many parts of the land. They saw, and noted, this trend citywards and took to wondering about it. Brother Martin, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, began investigating. After an exhaustive study of the situation, in which every possible phase of the problem was examined, Martin found that much of the movement away from the small town was due, not so much to the hankering after the aforementioned flesh pots of a great city and its jazz-band cabarets, but rather to the greater possibilities which the big city offered for work. It was found that most of the *émigrés* left their comfortable homes in the small town to starve and sweat in a two-by-four city flat, or bungalow, because of the better jobs which the city offered without the drudgery of the plow and the field. The movement cityward, he found, was economic and not sentimental—or foolish. Forthwith, he set about to remedy the situation.

Now, it is not meant to suggest that Brother Martin, or even the all-encompassing Samuel, had any notion concerning the social, or political, effects of his survey. He was concerned chiefly with the business of selling power. The movement citywards just happened to be a part of his investigation. But he found that the remedy for the condition was within his own hands and, as part of the Insull genius for salesmanship, which is unrivaled, he set about his task.

Just as the first industrial revolution was brought about by the condensing steam engine which resulted in our great centers of population surrounding the seat of power, so, too, with this second revolution. In both instances it is the supply of power that serves as the magnet. Insull, in his investigation, found and developed possibilities of transmitting power *away* from the crowded cities out into the less populous areas. Up until the time Brother Martin launched his experiment, power, for the most part, was confined. This meant a civilization based upon centralization and congestion. The power from the steam turbine was stationary and transmissible only within certain circumscribed areas. Consequently, labor, to profit from the energy of power, was compelled to go and to live where this steam power was ready and available. And even with the electric generating systems, as we commonly know them, the power was localized, chiefly in the larger industrial centers.

The revolution brought about by the Insull interests is based upon their ability to transmit great streams of power from central generating plants over wide areas at reasonable costs. Under this new plan it is now possible to secure a general distribution of electrical energy all over the country, even to the smallest hamlet and the farm. *It is no longer necessary that manufacture should be centralized in crowded cities.* With adequate transportation and power supply, the small towns are relieved of handicaps that formerly diverted industry to the larger centers. Power is no longer pent and confined in the home. It travels.

And the manufacturing interests are leaving the larger cities for the "hick-towns." Increased costs of operation in the large cities combined with this new availability of power, cheap factory sites, reduced taxation, good transportation and a ready supply of labor have had the effect of persuading the larger industrial interests to explore the situation and, in not a few instances, to set up business along that old mill stream concerning which something was said in the early part of this discussion. The radio, the automobile and the good roads, coupled with increased public transportation by way of high-speed electric lines and augmented bus service, combine to allay the spirit of discontent which the small-town citizen was wont to rant about. Statistics furnished by more than one governmental agency show an unmistakable trend homeward—back to the cows and the chickens and the old home town. Ample employment, at good and fairly staple wages, is to be had in hundreds of smaller towns with which I am familiar in the Middle West, which, half a dozen years back, foreshadowed little activity beyond the graveman's pick, the silence of the tomb, and the solitude of a morgue.

It must not be argued from all this that it is only the small town which is to profit from this availability of plenteous power. The farm, too, has come into its place in the sun of electric generation. Much of the old-time drudgery has been supplanted by power, the machinery for the application of which is sold on various deferred-payment plans whereby you make your payments along with your monthly bill for electricity. In addition, the

movement of industry to the small community, so largely made possible by this electric power, has also benefited the farmer. Recent studies made on this point by several of the mid-western universities show that farms adjacent to small communities where industrial activity has been promoted, thrive handsomely as a direct result of this industrial activity. Industrial activity and development in agricultural districts boost farm-land values, distribute tax burdens more equitably and improve agricultural credit facilities. Agricultural people benefit from employment opportunities afforded by nearby industrial development. Industrial expansion in the small towns takes up the surplus labor from the farm without necessarily removing it from the farm home. Readjustment is effected painlessly.

All of which suggests a thought for those of us who belong to the Church Militant. The "hick-town" parish is about to come into its own. Hundreds of weary and sadly torn country pastors may take new heart because of this newer development in power distribution. The parish "lit'rary" society may well change its motto to read "Watch Us Grow" and the parish committee on finance can now look the irascible city banker squarely in the eye. For, with the trend outward from the city, with millions—literally—taking to the smaller towns, and good, steady work available to keep them there, our problem of overcrowded cities, with their tenements and their slums, is certain to be lessened. This is not meant to suggest that great cities like New York, Philadelphia and Chicago are destined to cease expanding. The big city, like the poor, we have with us always—we had London, Paris and Rome for many generations before the coming of Watt and his steam engine. But it does mean that with the setting-up of great industrial enterprises outside and apart from these large cities, there will not be that pressing economic struggle to get a foothold in the great industrial centers which so long has led to warfare and destitution.

And with the settling of large industrial undertakings in the smaller towns will come a new and quite different problem for the small-town pastor. There will be newer and bigger and better schools to worry about, problems of social welfare and betterment unlike anything suggestive of the farm and—unquestionably—a better understanding all around. Pastors will get to know more people and thus to impress many of our separated brethren with the beauty of the doctrine they preach and the sanctity of their calling. Much of the opposition to our Church is due to ignorance and to an almost complete absence of any opportunity for enlightenment. It is in the sparsely settled districts that the Tom Heflins "go over big" and where priest-baiting, with incidental kicks for isolated Catholics, is a popular indoor sport.

Set up in any community a substantial group of Catholics who function regularly, as do most of the Catholics in our large city parishes, and the results are always impressive. Good example, like good humor, is infectious, and a sturdy group of parishioners in the smaller communities never fail to leave their impress upon the community as a whole. The great need of the Church in

the smaller towns is active, open, fearless contact with those not of our Faith. Once this is established, there is less of that irreligious animosity, that willingness to believe untruths about Catholicism, which is now the almost universal tendency in most of the smaller towns in the *Hinterland*.

I know because I live in one. For the past eighteen months I have held my abode in one of the smaller villages in northern Illinois, near to Chicago. We have few Catholics and an alarming number of ought-to-bes. In our particular town the blight which inevitably follows in the wake of mixed marriages is seen at its worst. It is hardly fashionable to be a Catholic where I live and there are but few of us. But all this is due for a change. If we can increase the number of our people and thus get, if nothing else, that strength which is said to come from the unity of numbers, we, too, shall join in with the chorus: "Watch Us Grow."

Incidentally, with three or four Masses to be celebrated on a Sunday, and greater crowds to be accommodated, our good pastor may be given an assistant by his superiors to help out in the parochial work. And if ever the day comes when this saintly genius will have a little leisure in the pursuit of his priestly calling, we—the members of the "lit'rary" society—plan to present him with a de luxe copy, printed in large type, of the immortal tragedy of "Hamlet." And, unless I miss my guess, one wag that I know will turn down the page whereon is printed that delectable speech of the melancholy one which begins: "As brevity is the soul of wit, I will be brief."

TESTAMENT

We left you poor, proud son! No gold to buy
Your way, amid a host of sycophants
Where worth is shunted forth; no fawning knee
That bends where it respects not, seeking gain;
No skill in building up a coterie
Of friends to further selfish ends. We gave
You vicious frankness owning every fault.
We left you poor in worldly wisdom's ways,
Our princely son!

We left you rich! A brain of master mould
To penetrate the mysteries of God;
The seeing eye, man's motives to discern,
The weak to spare, the worthy to applaud;
The strength to rise when fallen, take new hold;
The calm to battle a whole host in guise
Of friends arrayed, though bitter enemies
Or friends grown cold. We gave the passion, work,
Your mother's special gift. We left you rich,
Our own poor lad!

We left you strong, lone son! Strong with a will
Of adamant to fight the fight and win;
Strong with an innate power to live alone
And be content; strong with a scholar's craft
In use of books and mastery of pen;
Strong in the peace of the philosopher,
Who governs well the world within his heart,
Who knows the folly and the worth of time.
Forgive us, if you can. We left you strong,
Our baby boy!

NANNO C. RING.

The Catholic Unity League

BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

THE Catholic Unity League is a Catholic Truth Society, realizing in a small way the dream that Isaac Hecker dreamed in 1866, when he established the short-lived Catholic Publication Society in New York City. The founder of the Paulists was an original and effective master of the spoken word, who won many a convert to the Church by his winning personality, both in the pulpit and on the public platform. But he soon realized that, like his patron St. Paul, he must needs appeal to "the other sheep," not merely "by word but by epistle." As he put it quaintly, "the lone fisherman may catch a few fish for his amusement with a rod, but the fisherman who makes a living at the business uses a net." The written word may be gone over time and time again, and the grace of God be given only at a third or fourth reading. The preacher's words are written in water; the writer's message is carved in bronze.

We marvel today at the untiring energy and zeal of Father Hecker, a priest broken in health by his missionary labors and his austerities, combating undaunted in the bitter days of Know-Nothingism the strong prejudices of his non-Catholic fellow-countrymen, and smiling good-naturedly at the apathy of many of his co-religionists. Through the *Catholic World*—a hazardous adventure indeed in those days—he set forth Catholic truth to the mind of his age, and he reached the masses by the free distribution of millions of tracts and pamphlets treating of every phase of Catholic belief and practice. A lay apostolate in every State of the Union, coming together in frequent congresses, and ever ready to defend the Faith on public platform and in the public press—that was his dream.

The Catholic Unity League is a modest attempt to carry out Father Hecker's idea of a country-wide apostolate of the press for the conversion of non-Catholics. Its slogan is the challenging slogan, which angers the bigot, but sets forth clearly the Church's Divine mission of teaching the nations: "To make America dominantly Catholic." A vision of the future, indeed, but the Church always talks in centuries, and the Lord Himself delighted in giving us high standards. Did he not tell us all "to be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect"?

Some twelve years ago, having given a series of fifteen lecture courses to non-Catholics in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle (ten) and St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York City (five), under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, I called together at a luncheon in the Lotos Club three Knights of Columbus, James Beha, Charles Rush and Joseph Boldt, who had been specially zealous in the apostolate of conversion, and placed before them the plan of an organization, which was to finance at least four or five lecture courses to non-Catholics annually, and to pay for the books and pamphlets distributed gratis during the lectures, and for months after their close. Once assured of the blessing and approval of the late Cardinal

Farley and of the Superior General of the Paulist Fathers, Father John Hughes, they drew up the League's constitutions and by-laws, and promised to interest their many friends. To ensure its permanence and its continued loyalty to Hecker's concept of a lay apostolate, it was, on the advice of Cardinal Farley, incorporated under the laws of New York State as a lay league of men and women, with a Paulist as its Spiritual Director.

The first meeting in the ballroom of the Hotel Astor was attended by a little over 100 members. It was then decided to hold four public meetings annually to interest the public for the free distribution of Catholic literature to inquirers. Many well-known Catholic lecturers—clerical and lay—addressed these meetings, discussing topics of interest to seekers after the truth. In all, thirty-one meetings have been held, and sufficient funds received to finance seventy-one lecture courses in as many cities of the United States and Canada to the tune of \$30,000. Today we have but one meeting a year, in November at Carnegie Hall—the next will be on Monday, November 19—because of the great demand upon our purse strings for books and pamphlets asked for by non-Catholics.

Many a pastor hesitates about having a lecture course to non-Catholics because of the expense. In the beginning, no collections were taken up, for it was felt by Father Hecker and his friend and biographer, Father Elliott, that non-Catholics, our guests in the house of God, would resent any appeal for money. Of late years that feeling has totally disappeared, and experience proves that non-Catholics, at least in the large cities of the country, will gladly contribute their mite. But even if no collections are taken up, either in church, hall, or theater, the expenses of printing and book-giving can readily be met. For more than ten years my plan has been to ask Catholics to place their donations in the Question Box, or to give their dollar or ten-dollar donation to the Catholic Unity League. This method has spread the apostolate to some 500 cities of the country, and the Catholic members have enabled us to send out, today, 13,000 books annually. It is good for the clergy and the laity to know that the expenses of a lecture course to non-Catholics vary from seventy-five dollars in a small country church in Acton, Ontario, to about one or two thousand dollars in city parishes like St. Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati (\$1,150), St. Joseph's Cathedral, Columbus (\$1,400), St. Paul the Apostle Church (\$1,945), or St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York (\$2,510). In many instances the Knights of Columbus have footed all the bills—Detroit Council, for example, donating \$2,800 during the lecture course at Holy Rosary Church in Detroit. Given a membership of some 8,000, this meant a mere trifle to the individual giver.

It is important to note that a lecture course to non-Catholics does not begin and end with the pulpit lecture, or the answering of the questions deposited in the Question Box. That is only its beginning. The immediate

converts—they have reached as many as 185 at St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, in 1900—are, strangely enough, popularly credited to the missionary, although many of them have been studying the Church's claims for years. A Catholic wife or husband has been giving a perfect example of a devout Catholic life; a Catholic friend has been patiently explaining away the lies and calumnies that blurred the spiritual vision of the inquirer; a Catholic priest or Sister in their ministry of teaching or in their apostolate of charity has often made the non-Catholic's stony heart a heart of flesh. All that is needed is the touch of God's grace that comes with the spoken word of the Gospel, or the blessing of Christ at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The missionary's real work consists in *starting* souls on the road to the City of Peace. He may succeed in having a few attend the Inquiry Class that is conducted after the lectures by the parish clergy. But what of the hundreds who are not yet ready to discuss the Church's claims with priest, Sister or layman? Herein lies the mission of the Catholic Unity League. It invites inquirers to use our library, assuring them that they can obtain any Catholic book or pamphlet gratis, no matter in what language it is written, merely by writing to the League Office, 615 West 147th St., an address they will always find on their printed invitations. Not only will the book requested be sent, but inquiries of every description will be answered, even if the correspondence—as often happens—lasts for years.

It is the most interesting psychological study in the world to observe the progress made by a sincere but bitter non-Catholic, who begins by an *apologia* for his false views and, after two or three years of letter writing, ends by calling upon a priest for instruction. I have thousands of letters of this character, for the League can boast of bringing in at least 1,600 converts. Within two months, two of our correspondents have joined Religious communities. Five years ago they were denouncing Rome as an apostate church.

Are Catholics neglected by the League? God forbid. Our motto indeed is Hecker's: "I will help the Catholic with my left hand, but the non-Catholic with my right." In the first place the League is doing its bit to stop the leakage caused by mixed marriages, and by the unbelieving teaching at our secular colleges and universities. Marriage cases come to its office by the scores. Some have been told by lay theologians that their marriages were invalid, when that was not the case. Others have been assured that an annulment could readily be obtained, because forsooth the unbaptized non-Catholic had been previously married to a baptized Protestant. The lay theologian again knew nothing of the change made in the new Code of Canon Law.

Mothers and fathers write me of their boys coming home after a year in Harvard, Yale or Princeton, to question the Faith that had been handed down in their families for generations. Books are at once sent, a correspondence is opened if at all possible, and a kindly and intelligent priest in their neighborhood suggested, who will not snap their heads off at once with the common taunt of

intellectual pride. Often, too, a boy or girl is preparing a thesis at a secular university, foolishly sent there by their new-rich parents in order to make better social contacts than one might make at a Catholic school. So runs the excuse commonly. I have gone over these papers, correcting many a mistake—and be it said—had my corrections accepted by fair-minded professors, who had no particular bias against things Catholic—they simply did not know the facts or our principles.

Sometimes harmless theses are selected, but the books on hand in the university are few and unimportant. Imagine a callow youth writing on "The Reasons of the Pope's Condemnation of the *Action Française*," and not possessing one book on the question in French. Or another discussing the pontificate of Innocent III, with Milman as an authority, and no first-hand knowledge of the Pope's letters. Or a third treating of the Council of Trent, without him or his professor having the slightest knowledge of the Acts or Diaries of the Council, published by the Goerres Society of Germany. A copy of the unreliable Paolo Sarpi was the sole authority.

Many a letter comes from a student, who wishes to correct a statement in class or seminar that he feels is incorrect, but which he is utterly unable to refute. It may be an inaccurate view of the False Decretals, a silly slur about the ignorance of Bishops at the Council of Macon, or an attack upon Jesuit morality, founded solely on Pascal's "Lettres écrites à un Provincial." I send him at once a pamphlet on Pascal by Hilaire Belloc, a discussion on the False Decretals by Father Conway or by Davenport of Oxford, a synopsis of an article in the *London Month* on the real issue at Macon. Sometimes, on the other hand, professors have discredited De Roo's ponderous volumes defending Alexander VI, correcting him by Pastor's impartial history. I have at once cited Father Thurston's critique of De Roo, and stood by Pastor's verdict as final. In the one case the Catholic student began to feel that there is an answer to every calumny against the Church; in the other the non-Catholic professor was convinced of our fairness.

Our Loan Library is a mail-order library, our patrons being allowed to keep two or three books for two weeks, sending the postage, when they return them. Every Catholic book is on hand, although the catalog (20 cents) is limited to 6,000 books and pamphlets. As space forbids our keeping more than two or three copies of a book on hand, we ask our members to submit a choice of six volumes, when they are not studying some particular question, but merely wish to keep abreast of the current fiction or biography, or are desirous of fostering their spiritual life by reading our classic books of devotion.

Our library is very helpful to priests in the South and Far West, who have not money enough to buy books, and to the laity in small county towns, where libraries boast of no Catholic books whatever. It is also a boon to prisoners, to the sick in our hospitals, and to children in our schools and institutions. I will never forget the shout of welcome that greeted me when I visited the home for crippled children at White Plains, when the good Sisters announced that I had been sending them books for years.

Education

This and That

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

A RECENT picture of the Chief Justice of the United States indicates either a very kindly photographer, or a reduction in that *embonpoint* which has been associated with Mr. Taft from his salad days. I trust that the change, if there is a change, indicates that the distinguished jurist is enjoying the good health which will keep him with us for many years—yet we are so fond of Mr. Taft that we mean it literally when we say we hope that his shadow may never grow less! We can't afford to lose him, and we don't want him to taper into one of those lank, dour individuals whose opinions lack the kindly humor and the mellowed wisdom which (along with the ampler contours) the public associates with Chief Justice Taft.

In a current number of the *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Frazier Hunt publishes a brief interview with Mr. Taft, and the article shines like a jewel in a pig's snout. (Not that I have anything against this animal, the variety and piquancy of whose habits will repay careful study, but I do not like the mess usually served up in *Hearst's International Cosmopolitan*.) "Somehow," writes Mr. Hunt, "we drifted into a discussion of present-day American college life," and that conversation, as need hardly be said, brought up the question of the college athlete. Mr. Taft then repeated the substance of an address delivered at a convention in Washington last spring of the Psi Upsilon Association, on which I commented at the time. Essentially, Mr. Taft's position is this: the athlete has a place in the American college, but not the place which in fact he is occupying.

* * *

Here are some of Mr. Taft's reflections, as reported for the *Cosmopolitan* by Mr. Hunt.

"The emphasis in college life is wrong. Scholarship has been pushed aside and dwarfed by the super-importance that has been given to athletics."

"The winning of an athletic letter is regarded as more important than the winning of a Phi Beta Kappa key."

"The stadium overshadows the classroom—athletics have a dollar sign in front of them."

"Athletics have so outweighed scholarship as to create in the mind of the average undergraduate a misconception of the purpose of education."

"Scholarship has seemed definitely to assume a secondary place."

"This condition constitutes a distinct menace to our whole American educational system."

Mr. Taft does not discuss the reasons which have brought about this deplorable state in many colleges. He contents himself with a reference to the alumni to whom he assigns "a share of the blame."

Upon whom does the major part of the blame rest?

In my judgment, there is only one answer to that question.

It rests upon weak college administrators and unintelli-

gent college administrators. An administrator or a board that would misuse a college's financial endowment deserves jail, and would probably get it. But the administrator or the board that destroys the only reason an educational institution has for existing, goes—under our present system, at any rate—scot free.

* * *

Now for the that.

In his report to Dr. Butler, of Columbia, issued last week, Dr. Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, the retiring dean of the faculties of political science, philosophy, and pure science, once more expresses his belief that we have too many unfit candidates for graduate degrees. The opportunity for higher learning, he writes, is a much-prized one, "but its value in strict academic terms is highly equivocal."

The situation is much as though Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton were to request Colonel Lindbergh to instruct him in the art of flying. I suppose this immortal might, possibly, learn to put a girdle round the earth, but I will gladly agree with any carping critic who wishes to cast a whole library of doubt upon my supposition. I have little faith in it myself. But I would appeal to Mr. Chesterton, sober at his desk, from Mr. Chesterton in an airship, madly endeavoring to bump the stars with his massive dome. What we wish for Mr. Taft, we wish for Mr. Chesterton: that he keep his feet on accustomed ground, and not walk out of the air. I wish the same, as, I assume, Dean Woodbridge wishes it, for the pathetic group of men and women who annually essay to work for higher degrees. Let them keep their feet on the ground, and stay in a useful place. "Their emotional confidence," explains the dean, "is often ill-adjusted to their intellectual maturity." What a fine courtesy, that, which stayed the pen of the dean from writing "immaturity"!

The account at hand does not indicate the dean's remedy, but I take it to be the fabled fan that magically winnows the wheat from the chaff.

But why not apply the fan, if we can find it, first of all to the armies which annually camp beneath the walls of our colleges? Why admit imperfectly prepared pupils who, as every experienced dean must know, will at best only drag along? For drag they can, and drag they do, but as they drag on, they drag the college down. Some will get as far as the A.B., and then, poor wretches, join the pathetic group of seekers after the doctorate. Some will achieve it, too. Wasn't it Anthony Trollope who said that literary genius consisted, mainly, of cobbler's wax in the seat of one's chair? Doubtless, a supply of cobbler's wax is the reason of many a Ph.D. But at the end of it all, what is this doctor worth? Well do I know the academic requirements, and also how they are interpreted. I do not for a moment charge trickery, but only a lowered intellectual standard, or a misplaced judgment, which awards a higher degree to all who will sit in the ashes and fast for it. I can understand a *Doctor Perseverantia* much better, in these instances, than a *Doctor Philosophia*.

* * *

I have space for one more that.

Some weeks ago, in his opening address to the stu-

dents, Dr. Butler remarked that probably no member of the faculty could pass the entrance examination set by Columbia in 1879. That examination included Latin, Greek, English, mathematics, history, and a very slight tincture, a trace, merely, of "science." He suggested, rather than stated, that the current entrance requirements were not equal to those of 1879.

"If that is true," asks the editor of the Georgetown University *Hoya*, "if the courses of study today are not as good as those of fifty years ago, why don't the responsible officials change them?"

I ask the same question.

Sociology

The Enrichment of Life through Health

SHIRLEY W. WYNNE, M. D., Dr. P. H.

Commissioner of Health of New York

SINCE mankind first appeared upon the earth there has been an unceasing search for the fulness of life. Man has realized that the happiness of his transitory existence in this world depends on certain attributes of body and of mind. He has discovered that by looking within himself he can discover, develop, and use his spiritual endowment. He has matched his wits with the material forces in the world around him. The outcome has been the easier existence of the modern era, and the amenities of this existence can be traced in almost every instance to the notable progress of scientific knowledge.

The role of science in the life of man today is of tremendous significance. The ways of Nature are not meaningless and inscrutable. Man has measured the size of stars and the weight of atoms. He has penetrated many of the laws governing material existence, both animate and inanimate, and he has utilized these laws to make his own life richer. Not the least of these contributions to the fulness of life has been made by medical science. Thanks to the patient and unremitting efforts of medical scientists throughout the centuries, man today possesses a knowledge of his body which greatly enriches the possibilities of living.

Health is a boon without which life may become intolerable. From time immemorial both public weal and private happiness have depended largely upon health. If in former days health, or the lack of it, was largely a matter of luck, with man's increasing knowledge of the agencies of disease, and of the body's power to combat it, health has become a right rather than a privilege. Further, recent developments in the field of preventive medicine tend more and more to make the maintenance of health the duty of every responsible human being.

When we consider the large share held by health in the enrichment of life, we should gladly acknowledge this duty. Life without health is incomplete. Disease handicaps the individual and is a drag on the community. With the rise of preventive medicine, there is less excuse for ill health than there was in the days when medical science was concerned merely with the cure of disease, rather than with its prevention. Medical science has had its saints

and its martyrs, its humble toilers and its shining heroes. It has fought battles and carried on crusades. It has met rebuff and discouragement. Yet it has never admitted utter defeat, and the spark within it has been kindled into a brilliant beacon, marking the progress of the present day. Its aim has always been the enrichment of life through health, and today that aim is nearer realization than ever before in history.

The reason for this realization is the growing importance of preventive medicine. For many centuries medical science devoted itself mostly to curing disease, and made little effort to prevent disease from occurring. This absence of preventive measures was occasioned chiefly by a lack of knowledge as to the ultimate cause of various illnesses. Physicians could combat disease more or less effectively, once it made its appearance, but because of the very limited knowledge available regarding its real nature, they were forced of necessity to confine their activities to the cure of existing disease, largely neglecting the prevention of possible disease.

One of the earliest records of preventive measures is to be found in the Bible. The health laws of the books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy are remarkably sound, judged by modern scientific standards, while the idea of a weekly day of rest, as prescribed in the Bible, has been proved of such value in conserving health that it is now regarded as an economic necessity. But modern preventive medicine may be said to date from the end of the eighteenth century when the Englishman, Jenner, discovered the possibilities of vaccination against smallpox.

Jenner's discovery, however, was an isolated instance, and dealt only with the control of smallpox. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that preventive measures against a large group of very prevalent diseases could be undertaken, namely, those caused by living germs, or microbes, as they were called. Pasteur proved the relation of microbes to disease, and the German scientist, Koch, followed up this work by isolating many of the microbes responsible for specific diseases. The work of these two men marked the rapid rise of the preventive tactics on which is based the success of present-day public-health work.

Today infectious diseases, namely, diseases caused by living germs, are under control as they have never been before. Thanks to the discoveries of Pasteur, Koch and their followers, medical science has been able to concentrate the battle directly on the microbes causing these diseases. Moreover, it has been found that the body attacked by invading microbes has the power to elaborate within itself substances which will combat these microbes. The result has been the effective use of antitoxins and vaccines. By means of antitoxin, a person suffering from a specific disease may be given a temporary artificial resistance, which will tide him over the crisis. Through the use of vaccines, on the other hand, he may be caused to build up his own resistance to the disease so that he will not contract it.

The discovery of microbes has had a further effect in promoting the sanitary living conditions which seem today so indispensable. Uncontaminated water supply, pure

food, the sanitary disposal of sewage, and the increasing emphasis on cleanliness as a means to health, have all arisen from man's knowledge of the causes of diseases. But, while a great advance has been made in stamping out the ravages of disease, medical scientists are not yet satisfied. True, infectious diseases are largely under control, epidemics due to unsatisfactory living conditions rarely arise, and infant mortality has been greatly decreased. Yet the diseases of middle and later life still remain a problem. Arteriosclerosis, diabetes, Bright's disease, chronic valvular heart disease, chronic myocarditis, and cancer, take a huge toll of life each year. These represent some of the plagues which medicine today is fighting.

The control of these diseases is a problem which medical scientists have set for themselves, and which they alone must solve. There is, however, one great obstacle which hinders preventive medicine from advancing as rapidly as it might. This obstacle is public ignorance and public indifference. Of what avail is it for medical science to offer mankind freedom from disease, if through thoughtlessness or ignorance, man steadily refuses to benefit by this offer?

The cry today is for an awakened public spirit in regard to health. Among the younger generation this awakening may be accomplished through the schools. The adult population is harder to reach. Up to very recent times, medical science has made its advances unaided, but with the change of its ideal from cure to prevention, it needs the cooperation of the general public. For this reason, the maintaining of health must now be preached as a duty rather than as a privilege or even as a right.

During my more than twenty years in public-health work I have become increasingly aware of the necessity for a community sense of health responsibility. As Health Commissioner of the City of New York, I feel it incumbent upon me to attempt to arouse the public to a sense of this responsibility. Only thus may medical science achieve its desired goal—the day when physicians may concentrate their activities entirely on the prevention of disease.

This goal might be more nearly within attainment if every one of us would only realize the enormous contribution that health makes to the enrichment of life. We all desire to lead rich, full lives. We treasure those rare moments when we touch the heights of the joy of living. The organization of the world today offers us as never before the opportunity to lead complete, well-rounded lives, enriched with many benefits of which our ancestors knew nothing. One of the greatest benefits is the reasonable certainty of good health if we follow certain simple rules of daily living.

This reasonable certainty has been bestowed upon us by the unaided efforts of medical science in the past. But the time has come when every citizen must realize his individual responsibility in furthering the cause of preventive medicine. The enrichment of life through health is not only a happy possibility; it has become the duty of every civilized being. How this duty may be met, I hope to show in succeeding papers.

With Scrip and Staff

VILLANOVA College adds its quota to the increasing mass of interesting testimony that is coming from student surveys. The religious survey of 1929 sought to bring out the profit coming from the reading of Catholic publications at Villanova in which *AMERICA* and the *Commonweal* had a prominent part. To quote the resume:

Those who did read one or other of the various Catholic publications in circulation on the campus testified in no uncertain fashion that they had gained considerable benefit. Thus, 80 per cent stated that their reading caused them to take more pride in their religion; a little over 50 per cent said that their Catholic reading had influenced them to a better practice of their religion; 87 per cent said that Catholic reading had improved their knowledge of their religion; while 62 per cent stated that they were thereby led to seek more information about their religion.

In striking contrast to the above, those who did not regularly read a Catholic newspaper or a magazine had no weighty reasons to assign for their abstention.

An interesting bit of information was given in the replies to another section of the survey, which sought to bring out some reactions to the intolerant features of the recent Presidential election agitations.

To the question: "Did the intolerance shown towards your religious beliefs during the recent political campaign cause you to be more faithful to the practice of your religion?" the "Yes" and "No" answers were about evenly divided, with the non-readers of Catholic periodicals found almost entirely in the "No" column.

To the question: "Did intolerance cause you a feeling of resentment towards non-Catholics in general?" the "No" answers were twice as numerous as the "Yes" answers, with the non-readers of the Catholic press very conspicuous in the "Yes" column.

This last answer is particularly significant, since it points to the fact that the better a Catholic knows his religion the more he will be able to abstract from merely personal matters and place things where they belong, namely, on first principles.

IN view of this, would not, possibly, Archbishop Söderblom of Upsala in Sweden be benefited by a little more reading of Catholic periodicals? This is not said ironically, but with the genuine belief that closer acquaintance with Catholic thought would enable him better to understand our real position in the matter of what we mean by tolerance.

That the Archbishop is somewhat confused on this matter appears from the following letter which, as "the leader of Swedish Protestantism" he has given to the public, "touching the aggressive policy of Romanism in Sweden and the reaction of all classes of the Swedish nation." The letter is published in the *Christian Advocate* for October 3, 1929:

SIR: Next year the Swedish church is going to celebrate the eleventh centenary of the arrival of Ansgar, the apostle of the North, to Birka, in Lake Mälaren. A church will be built on the beautiful island, etc.

The Roman Catholic Church, numbering in Sweden, amongst six millions of inhabitants, only 34,000 members, and among them many foreigners, arranged in August an exclusive Roman Ansgar

festival, with hundreds of Roman Catholic guests from Germany and other countries; the Cardinals Faulhaber, München, and Hlond, Polen, [sic] Archbishop Baudrillart and other prelates were present. These enormous arrangements have had in the Swedish press a hardly expected effect: a national unity. I enclose a cutting out of *Stockholms-Tidningen* (Liberal), the most widely circulated paper in Sweden. This paper quotes with agreement two statements of *Svenska Dagbladet*, our greatest conservative paper, and *Social-Demokraten*, the leading organ of the Labor party. *Svenska Dagbladet* speaks against an amendment of the law which would make it possible to build Roman Catholic cloisters in Sweden, as this would mean "to open the door to the fundamental intolerance, and the denial of all that bears the name of religious freedom." *Social Demokraten* agrees fully with this opinion, and writes: "We cannot speak of national unity in many questions, but in that question may all, as a matter of fact, agree that we do not feel inclined to facilitate, through any amendments of the law, the Roman Catholic propaganda in Sweden."

These facts may be of interest to the public in other countries, where otherwise the public opinion easily may be misled by those Roman Catholic arrangements on account of the Ansgar Jubilee.

Yours,
(ARCHBISHOP) NATHAN SÖDERBLOM.

Surely a little Catholic-periodical reading would show the Archbishop the difference between being aggressive and merely commemorating the past and living the life of the Church at present.

THE event which Archbishop Söderblom refers to may have caused him anxiety since it stands both as a parallel and a contrast to the far-famed and much-discussed Ecumenical gathering at Stockholm in 1925, in which Dr. Söderblom was the inspiration and in which he played the leading part. The reunions on the Island of Mälär showed religious unity not 'as an ideal to be striven for, but as a reality already achieved and inherited from Christ through nineteen hundred years of Catholic history. How moving was the spectacle may be imagined from the following account written by one of the Benedictine monks of Beuron, and appearing in *Nordisk Ugeblad* for September 29:

A little mission group of hardly more than 4,000 souls had the power and the courage to invite more than a dozen nations of Europe, shepherds and flock, to meet in one place to be gathered into one fold. . . . No other ecumenical group can pray as does the Roman. Even an outsider could see that, when a German and a Polish Cardinal, and a French Archbishop, many Bishops from Northern Germany, Scandinavia, Finland, even from Iceland, a French and a German Abbot, with a multitude of worshipers of many tongues intoned in fraternal harmony the "Veni Creator" in the little Church of St. Eugenia on the first day of St. Ansgar's Jubilee, when all bowed in deepest reverence before God in the Holy Sacrament of the altar. It must have been a sight for angels and men when the woods which crown the Island of Mälär resounded on Sunday morning with prayers and songs from the vessels, when pilgrims praised in nearly every European language their common God and Father, and hailed the Queen of Heaven. It was as if the sun shone for that Northern Sunday. The air was so clear and pure; nature so still and solemn. . . .

The 700 pilgrims from all the different countries landed on Björkö, as Ansgar did eleven hundred years ago, and walked in procession, with the members of the Hierarchy heading them, up to the Cross of St. Ansgar. . . . Up on the top of the cliff where Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich stepped out in front of the altar under the cloudless blue sky, with the still deeper blue of the sea stretched out before him, all stood close together before the altar, Swedes and Northmen, Danes and Finns, Germans and Frenchmen, Englishmen and Poles. And from the throats of all

there rang out the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" and during the "Credo" all genuflected together in remembrance of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. One "Pax Vobis" greeted all these human beings of different races, uttered by a German prelate! The celebrant gave Holy Communion to over 250 persons, who had awaited fasting until two o'clock in the afternoon.

Now the union of prayer changed to the union of charity. A lunch was served on the soft grass in cleared fields of the Island. Princes of the Church, the clergy in general, and pilgrims were seated side by side to one another. . . . Finally they ascended again to the top of the Island and gathered around the Cross of St. Ansgar. . . . One felt the solemnity of the moment. This time it was a Frenchman, Archbishop Baudrillart, who uttered the last greeting to this Northern cross in an inspired song of praise to charity, the bond of Catholic peoples.

The evening reunion took place in the Blue Hall of the Municipal Palace of Stockholm: the same spacious room which four years ago had housed Bishop Söderblom's gathering.

ON July 25 of this year, Monsignor Meulenberg was consecrated by Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, assisted by the Vicars General of Denmark and Sweden, the first Catholic Bishop of Iceland since the Reformation. He is the twenty-fourth Catholic Bishop of Holar in Iceland and his immediate predecessor is Bishop John Arason, who died a martyr for the Faith. There have been fifty-three Catholic Bishops in Iceland, all of whom were consecrated in other lands. Msgr. Meulenberg is the first Catholic bishop to be consecrated in Iceland itself.

On July 22 began the consecration of the new Cathedral of Reykjavik. The Cathedral is the largest church in Iceland and is a handsome and beautifully finished Gothic structure built of concrete with a mixture of volcanic dust, that sparkles in the sunlight day, and in the moonlight by night—no small item in the long Arctic winters. One of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Reykjavik (who have recently completed there a splendid new Catholic hospital) writes as follows:

At 5:30 on July 23 took place the most severe earthquake in the memory of man. Many houses were damaged and the earth rocked like the ocean. The Cathedral belfry swayed in terrifying manner, and the people ran away in terror thinking it was going to tumble down. But Christ the King, to whom the church is dedicated, would not permit it to suffer the least injury; not a statue budged! Everybody saw in this a supernatural sign.

On July 27 was celebrated the Silver Jubilee of Sister Maxima, who has kept house for the Sisters in Iceland for twenty years.

BOTH in Sweden and in Iceland observers commented on the extreme respect and interest shown by the Protestant population towards the manifestations of Catholic ceremony. A pair of recent Catholic visitors to the ancient Cathedral of Göteborg (built by French monks from Clairvaux in the twelfth century), were impressed by the reverence evidenced by the verger and the pastor himself to the desolate remains of former Catholicism. These men instinctively recognized, what Söderblom appears to forget, that Catholicism is not an intruder, but the historic Mother-Church of Scandinavian Christianity and civilization.

THE PILGRIM.

Dramatics

The New Theatrical Season

ELIZABETH JORDAN

A CHARMING and distinguished literary woman of my acquaintance once confessed to a circle of her fellow-craftswomen that on a certain black day of her childhood she had broken eight of the ten commandments. Naturally, those of us who were in the circle spent the ensuing half-hour trying to guess what commandments she had overlooked, and in the words of the rural reporters "a pleasant time was had by all."

I have frequently recalled that half-hour in my visits to the theaters this autumn. During lapses of interest in the plays—and these, alas, are frequent—it has been interesting to seek to discover what, if any, commandments have escaped the assaults of the playwrights in the drama one is following. Today's playwrights rarely seem content to give us a murder or an adultery and let it go at that. With prodigal hands they toss one abnormality and horror after another into the witches' brew they are making, and when all else fails they throw in lines of the type bad little boys write on barns and fences. All of which brings us straight to Leonhard Frank's "Karl and Anna," the Theater Guild's first offering of the autumn, and the one generally regarded as the opening of New York's dramatic season.

It may be stated at once—and few, if any, of the Guild's first-nighters will deny it—that "Karl and Anna" gave its first audience an autumnal chill which is pretty certain to penetrate to the box office. It is not the moral tone of the play its audiences will object to. It is not even the dialogue, though in this the little boy with his chalk and his barn quite outdoes himself. It is the gladsome fact that loose living and loose lines in a play that lacks other attractions can no longer draw audiences.

The simple truth is that "Karl and Anna" is not interesting and that not even the excellent acting of Alice Brady and Otto Kruger in the leading roles can make it so. It is wholly theatrical stuff. Not for a moment is it life. There is some excitement as well as much bad language in the first part of it, and the audience is expectant. But the brief excitement dies and the rest of the play drags its weary length along the stage like a tired snake. Miss Brady and Mr. Kruger do their best, of course, and we all know how good their best can be. An excellent company gives them fine support and the "sets" are up to the Theater Guild's high standard. But "Karl and Anna" simply won't do as a satisfactory evening's entertainment, as a number of the first-nighters sufficiently proved by leaving the theater before the play was over.

Next in importance to the Theater Guild's first offering is that of Miss Eva Le Gallienne and her company of players at the Civic Repertory Theater. Many drama lovers have become almost reverent in their attitude toward Miss Le Gallienne, and even among the press critics there is a tendency to regard any foreign dramatic masterpiece as uninterpreted until the vestal guardian of the light in Fourteenth Street has had a try at it. There-

fore, though Anton Tchekov's "Sea Gull" had been given to New York at the Comedy Theater last spring by a group of Russian players, it had not been really "produced" until last month, when Miss Le Gallienne made it her first offering of the new season. It was then accepted with grave interest and appreciation by a large audience which for three hours and a half, and on one of the hottest nights of the year, followed the slow and poignant development of its somber story and philosophy.

In most Russian dramas everybody is desperately unhappy except the selfish and the mindless, and one draws from this the dreary conclusion that if one is not wretched one is, one must be, a fool. Anton Tchekov, great master though he is, shares and preaches this philosophy. Steadily, never with bitterness, tolerantly, even with sweetness at certain moments, he makes us feel, as Arnold Bennett puts it, that "when we're born we're done for." It's a fascinating creed for those who like to tear up their spiritual roots to follow their growth. The Civic Repertory company and their brilliant director performed the play with understanding, sympathy, love and art. One can't ask much more than that of any company.

Nevertheless it is a relief to turn from "The Sea Gull" and "Karl and Anna" to the new play, "One Hundred Years Old," produced by Henry Miller at the Lyceum Theater with Otis Skinner in the stellar role. "One Hundred Years Old" is a play in which a single drop of evil or of bitterness would be as much of a shock to the spectator as a worm at the core of a sound apple. It is a beautifully written, perfectly acted and thoroughly entertaining dramatic reminder that there are still high standards, high-minded human beings, and simple, decent, normal living in the world. We are in grave danger of forgetting these things, especially while we are in the modern theaters, and it would be a nice change to direct some of the propaganda now used for the Theater Guild and the Civic Repertory toward those producers and players who show us the clean side of the medal of life.

Otis Skinner is not only one of the most loved and most gifted figures of the American theater but he is one of the most amazing. A few years ago, in "Blood and Sand," he was giving us a brilliant portrayal of a young Spanish bull-fighter. A year or so later his friends were celebrating his fiftieth anniversary on the stage. Now he is inside the skin of a centenarian, showing us how a Spanish patriarch celebrates his hundredth birthday and radiating a charm, a benignity, a wisdom and a sweetness which takes every sting from great age. The play has no thrill in it save the thrill one gets from the perfect art of the star and company—and that, by the way, is the most satisfactory thrill there is. But it has action, comedy, sentiment and sustained interest, and to the habitual theater-goer its effect should be rather that of climbing out of a sewer into a sun-flooded, breeze-swept meadow. If this is girlish gush, make the most of it. Readers of AMERICA must know, after nine years, that I'm not inclined that way.

"Remote Control," put on at the Forty-eighth Street Theater, by A. L. Jones and Morris Green, gives us something new in character and setting. This, and the excel-

lent acting of Walter Greaza as the leading man, accounts for such measure of success as the play has had. All the action takes place in a Chicago Radio studio, where we are first shown a "hold-up" and then a murder. We also have with us from start to finish Mr. Greaza, as an up-to-date and appealing announcer named Walter Brokenchild. (It should have been easy for the playwright to give this nice lad a better name, but he was probably mentally stunned by the name the lad's parents had already fastened on him.) There is much movement in "Remote Control," some good comedy, several real thrills, and its audiences seem happy.

They tell us on Broadway that seats for "Strictly Dishonorable," Preston Sturgis' new play, produced by Brock Pemberton at the Avon Theater, are in such demand that agents are getting sixteen dollars each for them. No doubt it is true, for we are back again among the muck. The action takes place in bedrooms and speak-easies, and the lines are sophisticated and to many ears highly amusing. This is all I care to say about *that*!

But, in conclusion, we can give a few lines of space to the creepiest thriller that has come to us yet—the play which, in the words of the producer, "begins where Dracula, the vampire play, left off." "Rope's End" is written by Patrick Hamilton, produced by Lee Shubert at the Masque Theater, and attended by audiences whose spines do not feel normal from the rise of the first curtain to the fall of the final one. In construction and writing, "Rope's End" is far superior to the average thriller, and the intelligent playgoer need not be ashamed of his goose flesh. There is a strong resemblance between the big scene in this play and the one in "House Party" (reviewed last month) in that both give us a dead body in a chest, around which are various merry-makers conscious or unconscious of their grisly companion. The play is admirably acted by a fine English company, and the work of Ernest Milton and Sebastian Shaw is among the best on our stage this season. Women who attend "Rope's End" often need to be soothed and calmed by their brave escorts—and this may be another reason for the play's great popularity.

REVIEWS

Up to Now. By ALFRED E. SMITH. New York: The Viking Press. \$5.00.

For the benefit of those who have been born since last November, or for those whose memory is not of the keenest, it may be revealed that this is the story of the late Presidential nominee from the entry of his mother's parents into the United States in 1841 up to now. Nearly everybody in the United States has sometime or other heard about "Al" Smith. It may be that they have heard or read somewhere that he was born on the lower East Side of New York, right under Brooklyn Bridge, that he sold fish and was an amateur actor in some church society, that he got into politics, that he belonged to the terrible Tammany Hall, that he worked himself up to better political jobs and joined the New York legislature. It may be that someone or other said that he was Governor of New York about eight or nine times. Once upon a time, either the Republicans or the Democrats put him up for President, but the other side won. There is a great deal of misunderstanding, or rather, there has been, about ex-Governor Smith. The facts about his early life have not been too clearly known. The ideals and the principles and the activities

of the middle years of his life have not been too clearly comprehended. In addition to ignorance, there has been malice, and from malice and ignorance has been built up bigotry and hostility. Mr. Smith has thought it well to give the facts about himself by himself. His narrative rings true; if one bites into it, as into a coin to test it, one discovers real silver. It is a simple, straightforward story, not dressed up in fine writing, not idealized by after-thoughts and purple patches of philosophizings, but just plain talk. It is not flaunting or boastful, as if he should say "Look at me and learn." It is as if he should say "You want the facts? Here they are!" The result is a human document of a fascinatingly human being. Mr. Smith is keeping nothing secret; if he does not talk about things that might have been mentioned, it is likely that he never thought about mentioning them. It makes no difference to this Review whether Mr. Smith pledges allegiance to the Democratic or the Republican party. But his Catholic Faith does count, and the loyalty to that Faith in the pages of his story and in the days of his life. Catholicism hangs as naturally about Mr. Smith's shoulders as does his work-a-day coat. For that reason, this volume should be read by every American Catholic so that all may realize how easily Catholicism and Americanism can be merged in the public-spirited citizen. The autobiography first appeared serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*. But the full story was not therein published, by request of Mr. Smith himself. The present volume contains additional religious paragraphs, as well as the three last chapters on 'the recent campaign. "Up to Now," with tokens of mutual respect, and with honor to both, was chosen as the October book-of-the-month by the Catholic Book Club.

F. X. T.

A History of Italy, 1871-1915. By BENEDETTO CROCE. Translated by CECILIA M. ADY. New York: Oxford University Press. \$5.00.

Making the Fascist State. By HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER. New York: Oxford University Press. \$5.00.

There is a sense in which it may be said that both these books are about Signor Mussolini. Explicitly, Croce sets out to discuss "the plain history of what Italy was and did and thought and dreamed between 1871 and 1915." He ends just where Mussolini begins, and it is difficult to avoid the impression that there is not so much a damning by faint praise as a suspicion expressed by the omission. Says Croce:

I have brought my story to an end in 1915, on the entry of Italy into the World War, because the period which opens at that date is still open, for that very reason it belongs not to the domain of the historian but to that of the politician; and never willingly would I vitiate historical research by confusing it with party politics. Political war will continue to be waged, and it is right that it should be waged, but the place for it is not here.

According to the Idealistic Philosophy of History, of which Croce is the leading Italian exponent, a mere man like Mussolini will make no permanent difference unless he is in harmony with "the logic of events." "History," says our philosopher, very finely, "history separates the seeds which blossom into realities, from the numerous others which are either sterile in themselves, or which have fallen on unfruitful ground and are destined to wither and perish; for human desire pursues the same method as the insatiable desire of nature, which plants myriads of seeds in order to give life to a few creatures." The suggestion is that unless Mussolini realizes and interprets the real inwardness of the Italian mind and will (as Croce does), pity help Mussolini. Miss Ady has done all that could be done to give a faithful rendering of the original. But it is impossible to make some of the more pompous periods of Croce sound lively and interesting. Mr. Schneider is interesting on every page in his volume "Making the Fascist State." An immense amount of brains and keen observation went to the making of this book. Unlike Croce, Mr. Schneider has no time for Idealism or in fact any kind of systematic philosophy. He is a wit, a critic and a cynic. He is a jester to His Majesty the Reading Public, and has all the delightful (but rather terrible) irresponsibility of the modern journalist. He sees what he wants, thinks as he pleases and says

whatever he likes. He creates the impression that if he understood the Church a little better he would speak more kindly.

G. G. W.

The Mind of the Missal. By C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

The growth in interest on the part of the laity towards the liturgy of the Church will be materially advanced by such a volume as this. Happily, due to the education on this matter in the schools, the use of the Missal by those attending Mass has become more frequent. But it is one thing to read the prayers of the Mass devoutly and attentively; it is another to understand the relationship existing between these prayers and between the various parts of the Mass. In this volume, Father Martindale exposes in a simple and lucid manner the structure of the Mass, the inner meaning of its liturgy, in his own words, the mind of the Church as expressed in the Missal. The treatise does not seek, in any detail, to trace the historical development of the liturgy nor does it discuss the varieties officially recognized in it. Nevertheless, when such points of erudition are helpful for the better understanding and appreciation of the prayers and the parts of the Mass, they are introduced. Again, while the treatise is not written from the viewpoint of devotion, it offers much material for pious meditation. The book falls into three uneven parts. In the first, the author explains the ritual of the fixed portions of the Divine Sacrifice. This is done succinctly but satisfactorily. An examination and explanation of the Masses said on each Sunday of the Ecclesiastical Year form the second part of the book. In the third, are treated the Votive Masses, the Masses of Our Lady and of some of the Saints. The translations of the prayers are competently done. It is to be regretted that both a table of contents and an index were not prepared, since the volume is one useful not only for reading but for reference.

T. A. P.

Chicago: The History of Its Reputation. By HENRY JUSTIN SMITH and LLOYD LEWIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Company. \$3.75.

Two journalists have attempted to compress into 497 breathless pages the romantic history of their own city. Mr. Lewis writes the first part and by a marvelous selection of materials and a rushing style admirably succeeds in conveying the sensations of the growing little town on the mouth of Garlic Creek. Mr. Smith is more leisurely and refined. Father Marquette is not passed over, as Chicago's true founder. But he is quickly forgotten. Chicago is the largest city, according to these writers, which remained the longest a true frontier town. That explains its reputation, which was of its own making. Nothing was too fantastic to be tolerated, provided it was big or done in a big way. Rotary was founded in Chicago, naturally. But so was racketeering. Chicago was the biggest railroad city, but up to not many years ago, had the worst sanitary system in the world. In what other city of the world would there be a big parade of prostitutes, after they were driven out of the segregated districts; and that in the twentieth century? Chicago never forgot to care for its own beauty in its unrivalled parks and drives, and few towns have known the ugly social strife and misery that it has. Rarely have men grown rich so quickly as in Chicago; and, except London, few cities have known such poverty in the working classes. Not many cities have accomplished so much for rich and poor by municipal action, and neither have many experienced so much graft and official corruption. All the picturesque figures are here: John Kinzie, Gurdon Hubbard, Cyrus McCormick, Potter Palmer, Deacon Bross, Marshall Field, Julius Rosenwald, Carter Harrison, first and second, and all the rest, down to Dean O'Banion, John Torrio, Al Capone and William Hale Thompson. The book is done by two men who love their city, but who are too much of the realists to ignore its blemishes. There is no word of the Eucharistic Congress, though that was as typically Chicago as anything in the book. Pictures would have helped, though possibly the authors felt these would compete with their own brilliant words. Chicagoans and the rest of the world will have pleasant hours with this book.

W. P.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Modern Poet.—In the preface to "Chief Modern Poets of England and America" (Macmillan. \$3.00), edited by Gerald D. Sanders and John H. Nelson, the compilers declare: "If the only reason for the publication of this volume were simply to add another to the many collections of modern poetry now in print, no apology would justify its appearance." Their aim, they protest, is different; it is that of presenting an adequate collection of the poems of the more significant and important poets of the day, enough poems to permit the reader to recognize the individuality of the poets. A few more than a dozen English and Irish poets comprise the first part of the anthology, and about a dozen Americans are represented in the second. The editors are satisfied with their choice, though they do bemoan the fact that some two or three poets whom they would like to include have not proved amenable. All of the poets are well-known, though some of them are not the favorites of the reviewer. The selections are, for the most part, representative of the poets. A short biographical notice prefaces the groups of poems, and a good bibliography is added by way of an appendix. The book may be recommended, as all anthologies, with subjective reservations.

In the briefest possible space, J. F. A. Pyre has packed a great deal of essential information in his "A Short Introduction to English Versification" (New York: Crofts. 50c.). It is a plain statement of the mechanical principles basic to poetic expression. Such a tiny handbook as this should prove helpful to high school or college students, as well as to their instructors.

Negro History.—There is adventure for the tourist on the African West Coast. Caroline Singer and Cyrus Leroy Baldridge narrate their varied experiences in the land from which the Black population of the United States in great part originally came in "White Africans and Black" (Norton. \$10.00). They are the record of fourteen months spent under all sorts of interesting conditions, tending to bring out the quaint customs and habits, domestic, social, and religious, of the people of Sierra Leone, Liberia, the Cameroons, and elsewhere. The narrative is generally sympathetic, and for the most part affords a picture of the dark man in his native haunts quite different from what most of those who discuss him in the States are accustomed to paint. The price of the volume is to be accounted for by the copious and obviously expensive sketches and illustrations with which it abounds.

In recent years much attention has been given to collecting and editing Negro spirituals and the folk-songs of the American Darkey. In the "Old Songs Hymnal" (Century. \$1.50), Dorothy G. Bolton has collected a number of popular Georgia lays for which Harry T. Burleigh has arranged the music. The songs, all religious, many of them very naive, range through a variety of topics and suit many moods. Many of them are songs of conversion and aspiration, while quite a few more are reminders of death, and life after death.

Annals of Christian Heroes.—Contemporary interest in the prospective canonization of the Reformation martyrs of England, headed by the Blessed John Fisher and Thomas More, has occasioned the publication of "The Story of Blessed John Fisher" (Benziger. \$1.70), by Noel Macdonald Wilby. The scope of the volume is to inspire devotion to Blessed John, devotion that consists not so much in petitioning for favors from him as in the imitation of his intense loyalty to the Holy See, his refusal to make compromises with his conscience, his faithfulness to duty, and the cheerful carrying of his cross. Born about 1468, of relatively humble parentage, John Fisher, after a splendid scholastic career at Cambridge, became Vice-Chancellor of the University, Founder of St. John's College, and Bishop of Rochester. An author and preacher of no little renown, and a model pastor, his episcopal position and his friendship and defense of Catherine, when Henry VIII attempted to divorce her, brought him into conflict with that monarch and ultimately led to his imprisonment and martyrdom. While in jail he was honored by Paul III, by

being raised to the Cardinalial dignity. Mr. Wilby gives a fine, though brief, character sketch of Blessed John, and an interesting presentation of the stirring events of which he was no small part. The narrative is virile and our Catholic laymen especially will enjoy its reading.

The Sister Adorers of the Precious Blood are none too well known in the United States. In the "Life of Mother Catherine Aurelia of the Precious Blood" (Herder. \$2.50), a member of the Institute sketches the life of their foundress and, incidentally, the story of the growth of the Order which began at St. Hyacinth, Quebec, September 14, 1861. In many respects the events of Catherine Caouette's life are quite ordinary, but from the religious and ascetic viewpoint she was a woman deserving more than usual attention. Her career may be summed up in the single word *victim*, for she was wholly consecrated to the adoration of the Precious Blood. The author of the volume emphasizes this point at every stage, and there are plenty of quotations from her letters and from the testimonies of those who knew her well that she was a very holy woman. Like almost all God's servants, her career was well seasoned with crosses, many of them coming, though not maliciously, from those who were dearest to her; the chiefest from an apparently high-handed but well-meaning prelate. The volume suffers somewhat from careless proof-reading. Thus we find reference to a "metropolitan" in Brooklyn, and Bishop Loughlin is referred to as "Mc Laughlin," while Pius IX and Pius X are confused.

For Minims.—In "Little Nellie of Holy God" (Herder. \$1.35), Margaret Gibbons recounts for little folk the story of the Irish maiden, only four years old when she died, whose remarkable career serves as a model for all young communicants. It is a volume rich in Catholic lessons, simply told, for the nursery, though not so uninteresting that it will not profit and edify adolescents and even some of their elders. Little Nellie Organ, the pride of St. Finbar's Industrial School in Cork, was born on August 24, 1903, of poor but pious Catholic parents, who implanted in her baby mind a knowledge and love of God and a desire for union with Him that merited for her, even before Pius X had urged the early reception of Holy Communion, that she should receive the Blessed Sacrament while but a tiny child.

Though the small boy and girl will find themselves stumbling over a great many words too big for them to master, they will, nevertheless, enjoy much, if not all, of what V. M. Hillyer tells in "A Child's Geography of the World" (Century. \$3.00). The author writes with interest and has picked out fascinating places at home and abroad. Their presentation is enhanced by the particularly charming illustrations of Mary Sherwood Wright Jones. Children under their 'teens will gather a wealth of information about countries and peoples that they will be apt to remember because of the attractive way in which they are brought to their attention. Here and there, however, the author generalizes somewhat inaccurately and unqualifiedly as when he notes, "Most of the people in England are Episcopalians," and, "Before Christ was born people believed there were many gods."

From the four books of prose and poetry which A. A. Milne has so charmingly composed for his little son, the author has now gathered the best tales and verses, along with their decorations, under the title, "The Christopher Robin Story Book" (Dutton. \$2.00). All those who have learned to love and laugh with Christopher Robin and Winnie-The-Pooh will find plenty to delight them here, while an introduction in Mr. Milne's best style will introduce little Christopher and his Teddy bear, Pooh, to those who have yet to make their delightful acquaintance.

Many boys and girls in their early 'teens will find "The Story of the Theater" as told by Louise Burleigh (Harper. \$1.25) as absorbing as fiction. The book is printed from large, clear type and is artistically illustrated. The author's lucid manner of relating the theater's history, though accommodated to her readers' age, covers the subject with thoroughness. Back in the minds of all young folks there is a curiosity about things theatrical to which a book such as this will have a peculiar appeal. And perhaps if someone's birthday is drawing near. . . .

Early Candlelight. A Saga of the Sea. A Saga of the Sword. The Rich Young Man. The Hollywood Girl.

A permanent place in the library of American historical fiction is deserved by "Early Candlelight" (Day. \$2.50), by Maud Hart Lovelace. This is a story of the frontiers, as they were pitched along the Minnesota and the Mississippi rivers, in the vicinity of the city of St. Paul. A picturesque group of characters there are in the novel, soldiers and their wives at Fort Snelling, French-Canadian *voyageurs* with their mixed offspring, squatters from the Eastern States, Sioux and Chippewa Indians living in a forced peace. To this medley came Jasper Page, of Boston, whom the Indians aptly named "Walking Wind." He was a trader, but he was also a gentleman of the high tradition and a benefactor towards all with whom he dealt. He arrived when Delia DuGay, the daughter of a *voyageur* and an American wife, was a child. Love grew slowly but dramatically until it reached the inevitable conclusion, when Father Lucien Galtier's services were required. This remarkable priest enters the story only in its concluding phases. But Mrs. Lovelace describes him with the greatest respect and sympathy. To him she gives full credit for the change of the name of the hamlet of Pig's Eye to that of St. Paul. The novel is beautifully written, is dramatically plotted, and is historically accurate. There remains but one regret: that Father Galtier appears only towards the close of the story.

Battles of the ages from clubs to tanks are vividly portrayed in "A Saga of the Sea" (Macmillan. \$2.50) and "A Saga of the Sword" (Macmillan. \$2.50), both by F. Britten Austin. The books are composed of detached chapters that originally appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Some scenes, notably the sea fight "At Trafalgar" in "A Saga of the Sea," and the ancient hand-to-hand fighting in "Writ in Cuneiform," that appears in "A Saga of the Sword," are almost moving-picture pageants in their wealth of incident. But, despite his attractive style, Mr. Austin rashly assumes that evolution is a fact that no sane person disputes and here and there he handles things Catholic in a manner that betrays either ignorance or bias, most likely the former causing the latter.

G. M. Attenborough, in a subtitle to "The Rich Young Man" (Stokes. \$2.50), styles the book "a comedy with digressions." And there is much of mild comedy and gentle irony in it; there are many digressions, too; but more than that, there runs through it all a good story. The "rich young man" is very incidental. Samela, the heroine, and Mr. Twig, a very lovable and delightful antiquarian, make the book. Samela was wont to amuse herself and her friends with an imaginative game in which "delicious marriages" were arranged between the great characters of history. When suddenly asked, "Whom would you like to marry in this way?" she answered very seriously: "I should like to marry the rich young man after he had sold all that he had and given it to the poor." The story will tell you whether or not she did. It is a piece of idealism, very refreshing and well worth reading.

Slang, high-powered, bristling, effective, amazing, but somehow or other resolving itself into sense, runs riot through the two hundred and more pages of "Hollywood Girl" (Simon and Schuster. \$2.00), by J. P. McEvoy. If there is any prize to be given for the desecration of the English or the American language, Mr. McEvoy should carefully duck his head when it is delivered. The story is a continuation of the exploits of Dixie Dugan. She deserts Broadway for Hollywood and tries the movie-talkies. Her romances, not at all old-fashioned, are accompanied by expert gold-digging. Jimmie Doyle and Mickey O'Keefe follow the way of all honest aspirants, Fritz von Buelow and Kirk King the way of the other men. Jack Milton, the millionaire, also follows until Teddy Page and Dixie face the Justice of the Peace. The book is a riot of wild talk, hysterical telegrams, unpunctuated letters, mingled with parties that combine the qualities of all three. It is humor, but satire. Mr. Hays, of motion-picture respectability, must tell how much of the picture of Hollywood is fact and how much is caricature. Dixie is fundamentally good, perhaps, but most of the other characters in the story are not quite so respectable as she is.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

"New York Near Midnight"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

You will undoubtedly be interested to learn of an experiment conducted in our parish school, which was prompted by Father Talbot's article, "New York Near Midnight" in the issue of AMERICA for October 5.

We read the article ourselves and, up to the eighth paragraph, we were wondering who the Companion was; the eighth paragraph told us. We immediately stopped reading and said to ourselves that it would be interesting to test our school children and see if they could identify the Companion from a reading of the article up to the fifteenth paragraph. This was done in the four upper grades, with the following result:

Correct Answer:		
Grade:	Compositions Written:	Who rode in the taxicab? What was their mission?
8th	38	8
7th	34	21
6th	56	17
5th	42	6

Of course, we cautioned the children not to depend upon the assistance of others, not to prompt one another. The only preparation they had was a careful reading to them of the first part of the article, with, of course, suggestions that certain pertinent remarks hinted at the solution. We believe the results speak well for our children, who are of Lithuanian parentage.

You may probably be amused to know that most of the answers given were that the two companions were a priest and doctor; a priest and a worldly-minded person; Jacob Teitlebaum (spelled multitudinously!) came in for honorable mention in every composition, with his ancestors coming in for a share of the attention as well. One unintended aspersion on our priesthood was that a silly flapper came into the taxi and laid her head on the breast of the priest!

I think the experiment was interesting from a pedagogical as well as a religious point of view, and wonder whether any educators were struck with the same thought of testing school children along the lines we did.

Brooklyn.

(REV.) C. E. PAULONIS.

A Further Snub

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I found, in the issue of AMERICA for September 14, Mr. McDonald's article on snobs highly interesting and informative; quite worthy of its cover caption. After calling attention to the timeliness of his subject he proceeds forthwith to his object: "to learn just what characteristics of sterling worth it [snob] stands for." After due process and not overburdensome procedure, he sums up with: "cobbler, pauper, quasi-nobleman, ignoble-man, vulgarian, blackleg, or ticket-scalper,"—take your choice. He closes with a clever adaptation of W. M. T.'s "He who meanly admires mean things is a snob."

Except for one omission I would have adjudged the article as being of a high order of excellence. He neglects to state that a man might be neither a cobbler, a pauper, ignoble, vulgar, a blackleg, or a ticket-scalper; may wear an authenticated title, may not admire mean things, and still be a snob. I could call a man with none of these "characteristics" a snob, and Mr. McDonald would still know what I meant, and perhaps agree with me. I might be outraging the denotation of the term for the sake of its connotation, but whatever I would be doing, what is commonly understood by snob is essentially not any one of the characteristics mentioned. If Mr. McDonald condemns snobbery only on these grounds (which, of course, he does not do), he is condemning it on its non-essentials.

The essence of snobbery, as the term is ordinarily used, ap-

proaches the unequivocal terms highhatting, superciliousness, and overbearingness. My own attempt to define snob, admittedly not sufficiently "limited" would be: one who seeks unduly to impress his superiority upon others, merely for the sake of the impression.

The criterion of what constitutes superiority is not an essential. A snob may indeed admire mean things; but, again, what he admires, or the attainment with which he would impress, may in itself be admirable. Nor does the attainment make a snob, but the impressing of it to the disadvantage of others.

The superiority may be real or imagined, factual or apparent. A captain of industry might be a snob, but so might a Boston-born Chicago waiter on his day off. Not all snobs are four-flushers; if they were, they would be defeating their own end.

Only in its cruder forms is snobbery synonymous with snubbery and crass overbearingness. The superior snob is often rather subtle. A snob may be unusually polite to a store clerk for no better reason than to impress the clerk with the superiority of a person so ably considerate even of an inferior. But polite condescension is seldom mistaken for the courtesy of a gentleman, which aims not at the effect produced in favor of the bestower but directly upon the feelings of the recipient.

It is quite the test of a snob that his assumptions, however subtly and artistically insinuated, are habitually found wounding to others. Newman almost defines a gentleman as "one who never willingly gives pain." Hence the terms *snob* and *gentleman* are antithetical and essentially incompatible. We must choose one or the other. When a man says: "Gentlemen, I congratulate you upon your successful cultivation of snobbery," he is either a polite liar or has muddle-mindedly fallen into a contradiction.

It is along these lines that the proper answer (on grounds other than moral) to the advocates of snobbery will be found.

Chicago.

PAUL G. KRENZ.

"None So Blind—?"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

After reading Miss O'Neil's letter in the issue of AMERICA for October 12, I come to the conclusion that, for one who has been a teacher for twenty years, her powers of observation are not very keen, or that the lady is afflicted with a certain kind of bias. In her statement about convent-trained individuals, I take it she includes all Catholic educational institutions. In all her twenty years as a teacher she has failed in *every single instance* to detect any superiority in mind, manners, or morals of these products of the Catholic educational system. It is this statement that makes me question her keenness of intellect.

I have been in the drug business over twenty years, a business that brings one in close contact with people in all walks of life, and in *most* cases I can pick out the product of the "convent-trained system" just by this superiority of manners, mind, and morals, and in a great many instances I have verified my deductions by the simple process of asking.

This may be an exception. Probably I am endowed with an exceptional faculty for ferreting out these wonders! But then again there are some who do not care to admit this superiority.

In regard to the statement that corporal punishment is resorted to *on all occasions* I would refer Miss O'Neil to the letter from John F. McLaughlin in the same issue.

New York.

JAMES L. FINN.

Attention!

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am gathering material for an article on boarding schools for the Catholic small boy. May I, through your columns, ask the heads of these schools to send me their catalogues or announcements, in care of AMERICA's editorial offices, 329 West 108th Street, New York?

In case the school has no printed catalogue, may I have a letter giving information on the following points: (a) age at which boy is accepted, (b) is the school co-educational? (c) proportion of lay to religious teachers, (d) tuition and other fees.

A list of the schools answering will be included in my paper, and I hope that it will suffer from no notable omissions.

New York.

JOHN WILTBYE.